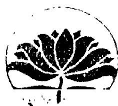
A TRIP TO PAKISTAN

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BY

YUSUF MEHERALLY



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A Trip to Pakistan
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TO

MINOO MASANI

Who has influenced my life in so
many ways

BY THE SAME WRITER

LEADERS OF INDIA

WHAT TO READ

—*A Study Syllabus (out of print)*

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

A TRIP TO PAKISTAN was largely written while Mr. Yusuf Meherally was undergoing a sentence of imprisonment in the Lahore Central Prison early in 1942. As it happened, his release from jail coincided with his election as Mayor of Bombay. The manuscript was given to a friend for reading, when Mr. Meherally was again arrested on that fateful day in Indian History, August 9, along with other leading Congressmen, and detained at the Yeravada Central Prison, under the Defence of India Rules for over 14 months. He was released only a little while ago, on medical grounds, when his life was in imminent danger. Since then, he has been too ill to see the book through the Press.

How timely Mr. Meherally's book is, is once again brought into sharp relief by the recent arrest of Mr. H. R. Pardiwalla, Barrister-at-Law, who had gone to Lahore to argue a *Habeas Corpus* Petition for Mr. Jaiprakash Narain, in respect of whom allegations of physical ill-treatment have been made, after his sensational arrest.

A TRIP TO PAKISTAN is frankly a political satire. It breaks new ground in this country and moreover, is a refreshing refutation of the complaint, that we in India, take our politics too grimly.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The first edition of A TRIP TO PAKISTAN was sold out soon after publication, and the Publishers are enabled to bring out a new edition within a very short period. The author, Mr. Yusuf Meherally has been seriously ill for many months, and confined to a nursing home in Bombay. Some days ago, he was visited by an officer of the C. I. D. Department and served with an Externment Order on behalf of the Punjab Government. It was issued under the Restriction and Detention Ordinance 1944 and said that "with a view to preventing him from acting in any manner prejudicial to the efficient prosecution of the War it was necessary that he should be directed not to be in any place within the province of the Punjab" etc.

Evidently the Punjab Government is anxious to prevent Mr. Meherally, ill and weak as he is, from making a Second Trip to Pakistan!

CONTENTS



I

ON THE WAY

'I want an expedition that will
find what it is not looking for.'
(JOHN DOS PASSOS)

THE longing to see Pakistan had been steadily growing upon me. Reading and hearing glowing descriptions of the new state only served to feed my burning curiosity. What a glorious country it must be! Again and again the idea presented itself; why not go and see it for myself? But alas! the Individual Satyagraha Movement had landed me into the Nasik Central Prison. And as the detention was for an indefinite period, under the justly celebrated Defence of India Rules, there was no knowing when I would be able to see this intoxicating new world for myself.

But then there is such a thing as luck. Despite the machinations of the Mahatma and his growing intransigence, the beneficent British Government actually let us all out after a mere one year's detention in jail. One fine day, in December 1941 we were informed that we were free! Free once again! I could not refrain from calling three cheers to the imp of political chance, for the opportunity thus afforded to me to go to Pakistan.

The objections of understanding colleagues made for some delay. Strange that people should attach more importance to doing this and attending to that. Churchill may cross the Atlantic as often as he likes.

the Japs may knock at the gates of whatever town they please, the Congress President may issue his weighty statements and the League and the Mahasabha may attempt to tear them to bits; the Socialists may shout themselves hoarse about the Imperialist War and Gandhi may threaten to let loose floods of non-violence on the whole world. But what had all this to do with delaying my visit to Pakistan and why must I occupy myself with other matters first?

Opportunity, however, came even sooner than I had hoped for. I actually received an invitation from certain friends to visit Pakistan. Now my impatience knew no bounds. So onward.

Before I had travelled very far, the train was getting packed to suffocation. There seemed scarcely any breathing room. I learnt that people were moving away from Calcutta by rail, by air, by road, by boat, on foot, in fact in every conceivable manner. The passengers spoke of a tremendous mass exodus. Every day thousands were leaving the Eastern Capital. They spoke of rumours that the Japanese were planning to bomb the City.

Masses in action are a sight for the Gods to see. Whether they are building or destroying, marching into the battlefield or moving away from it, there is always something big, or something magnificently heroic and pathetic about them.

My mind harked back to the past. People getting away from danger! I remembered Tolstoy's moving description in his *War and Peace*, of the flight from Moscow on the approach of the army of Napoleon; of Lin Yutang's account in *A Moment in Peking*, of the

scramble to leave the northern capital in the critical days of the Boxer Rebellion. And how many such migrations have taken place before our own eyes in the present titanic struggle! Perhaps some future Tolstoy would commemorate them in shining prose or burning verse for future generations to read.



II

I ENTER PAKISTAN

'The pith of life is contained in action
To delight in creation is the law of life.
Arise and create a new world!'

(IQBAL)

IT was rather with mixed feelings that I awoke on that particular January morning. The train was moving at a furious speed. Soon, very soon, it would arrive. Suddenly, I remembered the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, that it was more hopeful to travel than to arrive. But I said to myself, Stevenson's Eldorado was a mere figment of the imagination, while mine was a glorious reality. Surely, his haunting words were not meant to apply to such a destination as Pakistan.

A few minutes later the train steamed into the imposing Lahore station. With a flutter of excitement, I looked out of my compartment window, and brightened as friendly hands waved at me in recognition. Who would not feel happy at meeting friendly faces anywhere, even in Utopia ?

I had barely alighted from the train and flag waving and slogan shouting had scarcely commenced, when an officer, (looking every inch a Pakistani), approached me and after making sure of my name, put into my hands, what at first sight appeared to be a communication from the Governor of Pakistan, and bearing on it the legend of the Chief Secretary.

My first thought was that it was perhaps the customary message of welcome, but the officer politely referred me to the text. Reading it I was greatly surprised, but finding no corresponding surprise whatever, on the faces of my friends, I also pretended not to look surprised, lest I may appear ignorant of the usages of Pakistan and be thus guilty of bad manners.

As communications go, mine was quite interesting. It required me to leave by the next available train and be out of the limits of Pakistan within twelve hours. It also stipulated that meanwhile, I should make no speech, join no procession or any assembly of five or more persons or make any communication to the press.

I have always held that smiling is the best way out when one is puzzled or confused, and I was both. So I continued to smile as non-chalantly as possible, meanwhile trying my hardest to probe into the real meaning of the notice served on me. Was it a ruse or was it a test ? Pakistan, I said to myself, was not like other parts of India or like other parts of the world. It was the homeland of a very special people, with a distinctive culture and a powerful civilisation of their own. Naturally, they were reluctant to share the blessings of a superior law and order, that they undoubtedly enjoyed here, with any chance stranger who might take it into his head to venture into their territory. It was but reasonable that such a person should face at least, an initial test. Besides, I was deeply impressed by the fact, that from the list of dont's mentioned in the notice, religious meetings and

functions had been specifically excluded, which showed how God-fearing the Pakistan Government in reality was. Then there was the singular proof of thoughtfulness and courtesy in, that the notice was issued by the Governor himself and not by a lesser mortal. Comprehension descended upon me and all my doubts were instantly resolved. With an easy mind, I went on with the greetings, which had been interrupted by the service of the notice. Speaking of greetings, I may as well add that in Inglistan they shake hands with you. The Chinese consider shaking other peoples' hands as barbaric, and therefore shake their own hands. In Pakistan, they not only shake their own hands first and next yours, but also insist on embracing you separately on both the shoulders.

The contents of the notice by now having become officially known, I noticed a little liveliness among those who surrounded me at the station. Dr. Gopichand Bhargava and Seth Sudarshan on the one hand and Comrades Abdul Latiff and Mohmed Yamin on the other, joined in pressing me not to disregard the advice contained in it. Dr. Gopichand even remarked that it might mean at least six months jail. But I continued to smile in reply, having guessed that these friends, like their beneficent and patriotic rulers were also putting my virgin enthusiasm for Pakistan to the test.

Scarcely three minutes had passed, when lo, Dr. Gopichand accosted me once again.

"One moment," he exclaimed, "does the notice say that you must leave by the next available train ?"

I nodded assent.

" And also that you must be out of our territory within twelve hours ?"

Again I signified agreement.

" Well, it's impossible, you can't do it !"

He spoke with so much decision that all of us were impressed. By way of explanation, he triumphantly produced the railway time-table. The next available train was leaving in an hour's time, but it was a slow passenger train and sure enough would not take any one out of Pakistan within the time specified. So the cat was out of the bag. The model government of Pakistan had served me with a notice that was impossible to obey ! This was convincing proof, if any were still needed, that they really did not want me to leave. I flattered myself on having divined their true intentions, after the first moment of puzzlement. And I could not help admiring the subtlety, the originality of approach and the breadth of vision of an administration that issued notices which could not be obeyed ! My very first glimpse of Pakistan thrilled me to the core.

III

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF PAKISTAN

'A country where the impossible always happens, and the inevitable never.'

I

HOW the day passed, in my joyous excitement, I can hardly remember. I met more people than I would have done normally in several days and was given more food—in quality, quantity, frequency and intensity, than I would have dared to take in our part of the world, even if the day had twice as many hours in it. Incidentally, I made the acquaintance of an entirely new and highly original kind of beverage called "Lassee." It enjoys the same prestige here, that "Rasgoolla" does in the Eastern zone.

I was naturally filled with a great desire to see the many historical landmarks to be found in the Capital City of Pakistan. Having seen the Forts of Delhi and Agra, I was consumed with a desire to see the stately Fort here also and to explore its inner recesses and drink at the fountain of its rich history. But I was told that this was impossible, for only a part of the Fort was open to the public. Why, I asked, in surprise, not unmixed with impatience. By this time, however, my mind had become so receptive, that I guessed the reason, even without being told. In Madras, the Governor of the Province, once had his residence in the Fort St. George. It must be so, here

also. But imagine my astonishment when I learnt that it was not the Governor who lived here, but certain political prisoners! Magnificent! What generosity to keep political prisoners in such enchanting surroundings? Some luck indeed to have the Diwan-è-Khas as an audience chamber for distinguished visitors and the Diwan-è-Am as the normal interview room. And to sleep in the Khabgah where Akbar and Jehangir and Ranjit Singh slept! And oh, the Shish Mahal and such royal bathrooms, that even God Indra, must have cause to feel jealous. And what gardens! Better, I concluded, to be a political prisoner in Pakistan, than a king elsewhere. In a flash, the true import of the words of Milton's Lucifer in *Paradise Lost*, dawned upon me: "Better to reign in Hell, than to serve in Heaven."

My reverie was, however, disturbed by the inappropriate remarks of some of my companions. They insisted that these prisoners were often kept in lonely and dingy cells, in solitary confinement and worse. But I paid no attention to this sort of carping criticism, telling myself that there always were people who grumbled at everything and had never learnt to be thankful for anything.

II

Whenever I moved out I felt conscious of being followed. There were two persons, who were watching me as closely as I was watching the stately walls of the Fort. I remembered to have seen them even earlier in the day and of having noted that they kept at a respectable distance, but perpetually followed

me everywhere. I was wondering who these friends were and why they did not come near and chum up like all the rest. At first I had thought that they were perhaps Sir Chhotu Ram's villagers come to have my *darshan*, and the idea had tickled my vanity. I attributed their reticence in coming near to natural shyness or modesty in the presence of a stranger. On enquiry, however, I was informed that these good people belonged to a special department of the Pakistani Government, called the C.I.D., and their work was to accompany me wherever I went. I felt very touched at this special mark of solicitude on the part of the Government. How thoughtful and gracious of them to depute two of their trusted men to look after my convenience and safety ! Could public money be better spent, than in such silent and unswerving homage to political workers ? I decided at once, that on returning to Bombay, I would draw the attention of the Commissioner of Police to the comparative negligence in this matter on the part of his department.

III

From the Fort, I asked to be taken to Anarkali. Its reputation had spread to far away places like Bombay also. I had heard that this was the principal shopping quarter of the City and in the evenings, the streets were gay with multi-coloured throngs and the shops full of the wonder of the seven seas. One could catch in this oriental bazar, that peculiar flavour of the mysterious East, which is so dear to the heart of the tourists from Inglistan and the lands beyond.

But my friends threw cold water on this proposal. "There is nothing to see there at present, it is practically deserted," they said. I could not understand this. How could the most crowded street in Pakistan be deserted at any time? I remembered how they had made light of the amenities of political prisoners in the Lahore Fort, and decided to see things for myself. Seeing my firmness and the shade of annoyance that had crept into my voice, they at once agreed, without offering any further explanation. This suited me capitally and so onward we sped.

On the way, I made elaborate mental calculations about the purchases I would make. We arrived there almost before I had noticed the fact, so absorbed I had been in my thoughts. To my great surprise, I found that all the shops were closed and the whole locality seemed almost as abandoned as Fatehpur-Sikri. The Khaddar Bhandar likewise was closed. I strained my eyes as far as I could see, but not a shutter was open. The look in the eyes of my friends contained the reproach: "We had told you so." I was feeling too crestfallen to make any further enquiries, but my fast working mind supplied the needed explanation. Perhaps in Pakistan the shops were closed in the day and opened at night. Business codes of different countries were different. It is recorded, for example, in the *Arabian Nights* that the Caliph used to move about in disguise, some time after mid-night, visiting bazars and cafés, so as to ascertain public feeling at first hand. There must be lots of places open, otherwise how could that great psychologist of the public mind, make his personal investigations?

May be, that the Pakistan Premier also was doing likewise. My theory was further confirmed by the fact that at that time, the Premier was believed to have gone out of the country. Some said he had gone to Iraq, others that he was in Iran, having heart-to-heart talks with the soldiers sent to the People's War; still others maintained that he was in London. Since nobody knew for certain, he might as well be in this very city, moving about incognito at the dead of night, like a new Haroun-al-Rashid.

But alas, one of my friends again broke my reverie. "The fact is," he said, "that the shops are all closed, because the merchants and traders are all on a General Strike and every trade is affected by it."

"What," I exclaimed, "Did you say a General Strike?"

My friend nodded secretively. I immediately regained my good humour. My consciousness was stung into action. A General Strike! What luck and I an eye-witness to it! My mind galloped back to the General Strike in England in 1926 and the General Strike in France in 1939 and the circumstances that led up to them and the consequences that followed. and the ominous role that Baldwin and Simon and Churchill and Daladier had played. Suddenly, I burst out:

"Who is the labour leader?"

My friends looked askance at me. "Labour leader? What labour leader? What are you thinking about?"

"But," I replied patiently, "did you not say a moment ago, that there was a General Strike?"

"To be sure. But we also told you that it is the merchants who are on strike."

"Merchants on General Strike!" I cried. "My friend, tell me another. Or do you want to entertain me with a fairy tale?"

"Nevertheless, it is the truth," came the decisive reply.

I gasped for a minute. Merchants on General Strike! Whoever had heard of anything so fantastic? My head started reeling. I had met with so many upsets in the course of a single day. However, I pulled myself up.

"What on earth are they general striking for? Have they got grievances against labour?"

My friends eyed me pityingly. "It is as a mark of protest against a new Sales Tax imposed by the Pakistan Government that the *Hartal* is launched."

I had heard about the Sales Tax and so it all now seemed a little clearer. Soon bewilderment was replaced by a new understanding. On our side and in the rest of the world, it was Labour that generally struck work. But Pakistan was different, it was unique. Here, Capital went on strike. The idea tickled me. I decided to get some more information. The leader of the strange movement was Lala Biharilal Channa, the President of the Pakistan Beopari Mandal. My friends said that he was a shrewd person, who had tapped the latent enthusiasm of the mercantile class and had harnessed it to the chariot of Hartal, which was both complete and widespread. From one end of Pakistan to the other the shops were

closed, trade was at a stand still and business languishing. The breeze had even penetrated into the villages, and further intensification was likely. They offered to arrange a meeting between us and I gladly fell in with the proposal. They were, however, careful to add that informed circles did not give all the credit for this to Biharilal Channa and his colleagues, but rather to the Hon'ble Sir Chhotu Ram, the Minister of Revenue. Among them, the Hartal, was generally referred to as "Chhoturam's Miracle." But for Sir Chhotu's overwhelming exertions, the beauty of his language, the crispness of his phrase, the charm of his manner, the Hartal would neither have been so complete, nor so all inclusive. But ignorant people showered all the praise on to the heads of the President of the Beopari Mandal, quite oblivious of the injustice they were doing to one of the great heroes of Pakisan. I was asked if I would like to meet him too, but I felt so overawed at the prospect of meeting a miracle-worker in flesh and blood, that I said I had better not.

In any case, between Lala Biharilal Channa and Sir Chhotu Ram my ambitious programme of purchases was totally spoiled. I had looked forward to acquiring interesting specimens of Pakistani workmanship, reflecting the skill of her famed craftsmen; those various knick-knacks and odds and ends that lend to travel a glamour and meaning, it could not otherwise secure. So with a sigh, we prepared to move on further.



IV

THE CAPITAL CITY OF PAKISTAN

'Visions of Glory, spare my aching sight'

* * *

Salām ho merā Lahore ke fizaon ko
Ke inki yad mèn hairan o sogwar hooṇ main

(SHORISH KASHMIRI)

I

BEFORE long, my friends called my attention to an unpretentious old tomb, in the midst of crowded houses in a not too clean side street.

"Whose tomb is that?" I asked indifferently. Some old fashioned saint, I thought, whose following had shrunk in these hard, irreligious days.

"This is the last resting place of Sultan Kutubuddin Aibak," was the very unexpected reply.

"Sultan Kutubuddin," I exclaimed, "do you mean the King, whose name is associated with the Kutub Minar in Delhi?"

"Yes, the very same."

I turned an incredulous look at the face of my guide. Pakistan seemed to be a country of the most unexpected surprises. Where the Kutub Minar, standing in all its glory, in the midst of desolate splendour, the pride of Imperial Delhi and the favourite rendezvous of tourists from the five continents, and where this miserable looking, faded little tomb, in this forgotten corner of a great metropolitan city!

"Tell me," I said a little sadly, "the story of how so prominent a king came to be buried in so unusual a place."

"Kutubuddin," returned my friend, "ruled over North India for four years, in the first decade of the thirteenth century. Born a slave, he displayed great gifts as a military commander and by dint of ruthless capacity, rose to be a king, settled down in India, and founded the Slave Dynasty.

"He was very fond of outdoor sports and particularly of *chougan*, a game, whose modern equivalent is Polo. One day, while playing, he met with an accident and died of the result.

"This place, which now appears to us as a miserable hole, was once upon a time a beautiful site, to which Sultan Kutub's remains were consigned, with royal pomp and splendour. What you see today is essentially the work of time and of long neglect."

The word 'neglect' stung me to the quick. It explained everything. The Minister in charge of the Public Works Department of Pakistan, Major Khizar Hyat Khan, I thought, must be an avowed enemy of kings, a fierce monarch-hater, perhaps even a dangerous revolutionary. The neglect of the King's tomb, I concluded, must be solely due to his misplaced republican sympathies.

My companions were scandalised at this explanation, that much I could easily see. "Khizar Hyat, an avowed enemy of kings! Whoever heard of such unmitigated . . . . " My friend evidently wanted to use a strong word, but stopped just in time, thinking he might unnecessarily hurt my feelings. "In fact," he went on, "he is the most loyal subject of the King Emperor. Even in the loyalist camp you will not meet with another of his kind."

"How to explain this neglect, then?" I asked myself. Suddenly an idea struck me. I vaguely remembered that a famous Pakistan statesman was a Wahabi. Now these Wahabis are quite admirable people, but they have a strange weakness for tombs. As soon as they see one, they start about demolishing it right away. Now that must be the reason. This Minister must be that famous statesman.

But I was again corrected, rather sharply this time. "You are confusing some one with Nawab Khizar Hyat Khan. The latter is not a Wahabi, but a plain Mussalman."

"A plain Mussalman," I cried, "what do you mean? Is a Wahabi not a plain Mussalman?"

"Hush, hush," cautioned my friend, "not so loud, not so loud. Such intricate questions cannot be discussed on a public street. If you want to get more information on this subject, this is scarcely the place."

After a moment, he added in a less agitated tone, "You must know that we are a very religious people. In fact, several political parties here rely appreciably on the use of this sentiment for their success. You may not know it, but politics in Pakistan, is the art of rousing religious feelings, to meet the exigencies of specific situations, like, . . . like, legislative or local bodies' elections, for example. Whoever can do it most skilfully, generally wins. That is how it is here."

I was enormously impressed with this new and striking definition of politics. No one had defined it before so elegantly, so pointedly or with such unerring insight into mass psychology. From Chanakya and Machiavelli to Bertrand Russell and Professor

Brij Narayan, all the learned writers on social sciences, must stand hat in hand, before its complete sincerity. I decided to write to Laski and call his attention to it, so that he may incorporate it into the next edition of his " *Grammar of Politics*."

II

" Where would you like to go from here," asked one of my companions, seeing me absorbed in thought.

The tomb of Kutubuddin had roused my historical memory. " Take me," I said, "'from this desert of Anarkali into the Lahore of the glorious past, the city of romance and legend and folklore. Tell me something about the beginnings of this ancient town and the origin of its name."

" About a mile from here," came the reply, " there is a small, old temple, which, as it were, symbolises the answer to your questions. It is the Temple of Loh. The *Ramayana* tells us that the two youngest sons of Shri Ramachandra, Lav and Kush came and settled down in this surrounding country. Lav or Loh founded a town and built a strong wall around it. The word 'awar' means a fort, and hence the place came to be known as Lohawar—the Fort of Loh. In the course of centuries, Lohawar became Lahore."

" This," I interjected " is a most interesting story. But tell me before you proceed further, what happened to Loh's brother, Kush ?"

" Well," returned my friend, " he also founded a town not very far from Lahore and naturally it came to be known after him. Today it is known to us as

Kasur, and is famous because one of our great leaders, the venerable Moulana Abdul Kadar Kasuri belongs to it."

Bit by bit, my friends unfolded to me the fascinating story of Lahore. For several centuries after its founding, nothing at all was known about the City. Only the spade of the archaeologist can rescue from the debris this great lag in our information. All that can be said is that during the first seven centuries of the Christian era, it was a flourishing city and the capital of a Rajput dynasty. The great Chinese scholar and traveller, Houang Tsang, to whose faithful recording we are indebted for so much of our knowledge of the contemporary scene in India of that time, passed through Lahore in 630 A. D. on his way to Jullundher, and described it as a big brahmanical city.

Towards the end of the Tenth Century after an initial set-back, Sabaktagin defeated Raja Jaipal of Lahore, after a fierce battle. A quarter of a century later, Sabaktagin's son, Sultan Mahmud Ghazni, once again marched against the City and met the armies of Jaipal's son, Raja Anangpal, who at the head of a powerful confederacy, barred the way. Victory favoured Sultan Mahmud and the city passed into his hands in 1008 A.D. He appointed Malik Ayaz as the Governor of the place.

Popular Muslim tradition marks out Malik Ayaz as the founder of Lahore. It is said, that by a miracle, he erected the Fort and walls of the city, in a single night. The pious and the credulous folk still visit and honour the tomb of Malik Ayaz, situated near the

Taxali Gate. The Temple of Loh and the Tomb of Malik Ayaz are within a few furlongs of each other, and it is as well that the two founders of Lahore should be so close, one to the other.

The descendants of Sultan Mahmud liked the new town so much, that in the time of Masud II the capital of the empire was actually shifted from Ghazni to Lahore, where it remained till the fourth quarter of the twelfth century, when the House of Ghor replaced the Ghaznavides. In 1210 A.D. Sultan Kutubuddin died here as a result of an accident, and his tomb I had already seen.

The rise and fall of civilisations, and therefore, the rise and fall of cities, according to a well known school of sociologists, represents a cyclic movement. Be that as it may, the next three hundred years show an ebb of the tide. Delhi became the imperial capital and the ruling dynasties—the Khiljis and the Tughlaks, keen on expanding southwards, rather neglected the northern capital. In 1524, A.D., however, Daulat Khan Lodi, Governor of Lahore, rose in rebellion against the imperial authority and invited the Moghul King Babar to come to his assistance. Thereby, he started a new chapter in our history.

It was not till the time of Akbar the Great, however, that Lahore regained something of its former glory. Babar and Humayun have left no visible mark on its history, though Humayun's brother Kamran did more than his bit in beautifying the city, and the remains of his Baradari can be seen even today. The peace and security of Akbar's reign, and the lavish patronage to arts and crafts, brought about a new renais-

sance, and the testimony of foreign visitors to Lahore, both Portuguese and English, and among them Fitch, Newberry, Leeds and Storey is eloquent. Akbar subsequently removed his Court to Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri, but under his successor Jehangir, it again became the chief metropolis of the Moghul Empire. Shah Jehan was born here and had a very soft corner for the town of his birth, while Aurangzeb, despite his long absence in the south, played no small part in endowing Lahore with beauty and stateliness. All the four Moghul Emperors helped in the construction, extension and embellishment of the Fort.

The Sikhs stepped in on the decline of the Moghul Empire, but conditions were too disturbed to permit of any great building activity, though Ranjit Singh made a small effort in this direction. In 1849, the British took over possession and since has arisen the Lahore of today. The census of 1941 gives its population as 632,000.

III

Inspecting the various sites we soon arrived at the Badshahi Mosque, whose striking white marble domes and lofty minarets dominate the landscape for miles around. Built under the instructions of Emperor Aurangzeb, it is the most spacious and imposing Mosque in Pakistan. Its beauty of construction, delicate finish and perfect proportions arrest one's willing attention. The red sandstone and marble gateway leads one on to a vast quadrangle measuring 530 ft. ×527 ft. At the other end three perfect domes of pure white marble come into view. One is forcefully re-

minded of the words James Fergusson said in a different context, that these master craftsmen "built like giants, but finished like goldsmiths." The beautiful mosque has suffered much in the intervening years and efforts are being made to restore it to something of its original grandeur.

At the foot of the Badshahi Mosque, is the tomb of Mohammed Iqbal, one of the great poets of this century. His reputation already very high, must grow with time, and his last resting-place become an abode of pilgrimage, where the poets, the men of letters, the artists and votaries of culture will come in increasing numbers to relax their tensions and refresh their spirits.

We next repaired to the *Samadhi* of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, very close by. It is not art that recommends the monument to us, but sentiment and historical imagination. It is built in a hybrid style, something of a cross between a *Samadhi* and a tomb and lacking the charm and elegance of either.

Inside on a raised platform underneath the modest dome, the ashes of Ranjit Singh were confined in a marble casket made in the shape of a lotus flower. A feeble attempt is made to decorate the ceilings with convex mirrors. Surely so brave a ruler deserved a worthier monument.

The Shrine of Guru Arjun Dev, the fifth Guru of the line, is practically opposite to Ranjit Singh's *Samadhi*. I turned to it with great interest, for it was he who laid the foundation of the Golden Temple at Amritsar and also compiled the Adi Granth. Tradition has it, that the Guru who was confined to the

Fort for assisting in the rebellion of Prince Khorram against his father, one day suddenly disappeared from captivity while bathing in the river, and nothing has been heard of him since. He is said to have vanished mysteriously beneath the hospitable waters of the river Ravi, whose track was nearer to the Fort then, than it is at present.

How much of history, I said to myself, was gathered into this small area! The temple of Loh, the tomb of Malik Ayaz, the Fort standing as a sentinel and witness to a vanished glory, the shrine of Guru Arjun Dev, the Badshahi Mosque, the Samadhi of Maharaja Ranjit Singh! They all proclaimed a historical continuity, that behind the apparent facade of differences was building a golden bridge of understanding over the span of centuries.

IV

At Maharaja Ranjit Singh's Samadhi, I was introduced to a number of Sikh gentlemen. Several of them had different prefixes to their names—*Sardar* So and So, *Master* So and So, *Baba* So and So, *Sant* So and So, though the one most frequently used was *Sardar*. All this, however, left me wondering as to what the exact difference was, for they all looked very much alike. Detecting a look of disquiet in my eyes, one of my companions volunteered explanation. "Now, here's about those designations: Every Sikh is at least a *Sardar*; those among them who are literate are called *Masters*; the more venerable are designated *Babas*; while the specially honoured and loved ones are known as *Sants*."

"Now tell me," I said, "the names of a few Sikh leaders who fall within each of these categories."

"Right away. In the Sardars' category there is our popular Minister of Development, Sardar Dasaundha Singh. The Masters' list includes Master Tara Singh, Master Mota Singh, Master Kabul Singh, a high explosive bomb always in the fighting front line, Master Harjap Singh who spent a quarter of a century in America and returned to spend nearly half as many years in the jails of his own country. Master . . . .

"Enough," I interjected, "go next."

"Then there are the Babas, and among them Baba Kharak Singh, Baba Gurumukh Singh, Baba Gurudit Singh Kamagatamaru, Baba Sher Singh, Baba Sohan Singh Bhakna, Baba Karam Singh Chima, Baba Madansingh Gaga, Baba . . . ."

"Proceed further," I interrupted again.

"I see, you want me to be concise. Well, for the last class, I shall mention only one, Sant Wasakha Singh, the President of the Deshbhakht Pariwar Sahayak Samiti."

But to me, the explanation, if anything, made confusion worse confounded. "Did you not say just a moment ago, that every Sikh is at least a Sardar and the literate among them are called Masters?"

"Yes, rather....that is to say....but....so what?"

"And you also said that your Minister of Development, Sardar Dasaundha Singh, was just a Sardar and not a Master ?"

"Yes, but what are you aiming at?"

"Can't you see what it means? For if the Aristotelian syllogism is as true in Pakistan as it is whereever Logic is taught, then Sardar Dasaundha Singh is illiterate, because he is only a Sardar and only *Masters* are literate?"

My friends, instead of replying, burst out laughing, saying only that my conclusion was delightful. I could not understand the reason for all this merriment and attributed it to a mood of flippancy.

"Please, please . . . Do not look so distressed," chaffed in one of my companions, "at the idea of one of our Cabinet Ministers being illiterate. In truth, he is not. You see, he is not merely a Sardar, but a Sardar Bahadur, or is soon going to become one, which amounts to practically the same thing. Moreover, there was a slight over-emphasis in my original description. We in Pakistan do not rush to logical conclusions as quickly as you non-Pakistanis seem to do. Besides, with us, life is greater than logic and Sardar a more complex entity than your Aristotelian Syllogism."

V

About three miles westwards from the Fort lies the grand Mausoleum of Emperor Jehangir at Shahdara. The people here are rather fond of him, for he is the only Moghul Emperor buried in Pakistan. Babar died in Kabul, Humayun's Mausoleum is at Delhi, Akbar's at Sikandra, Shah Jehan lies besides his beloved consort, Mumtaz Mahal, in the Taj. Aurangzeb alone, among the Grand Moghuls, was buried without a royal memorial in the far off Khuldabad in the Deccan, not

far away from Daulatabad. In accordance with his own strict instructions, his modest red-sandstone tomb cost only a few rupees, the amount being his own earnings from copying the Holy Koran.

Jehangir was a great lover of Nature and his chief interest lay in gardening and painting. He himself was a very proficient art critic and few kings since, have equalled him in sophistication. He has left us an interesting account of this in his *Memoirs*.

"As regards myself," says Jehangir; "my liking of painting and my practice in judging it have arrived at such a point that when any work is brought to me, either of the deceased artists or those of the present-day, without the names being told me, I say on the spur of the moment that it is the work of such and such a man. If there be a picture containing many portraits, and each face be the work of a different master, I can discover which face is the work of each of them."

It is worthwhile noting that it was during Jehangir's reign that the blending of Persian and Indian traditions of art reached their maturity. Foreign writers expressed astonishment at the skill of the painters at the royal court. It is recorded that Sir Thomas Roe, the British Ambassador, presented Jehangir with a beautiful picture by an artist of Inglistan. Soon afterwards Jehangir had several copies of the picture made and invited the Ambassador to distinguish which was the original and which the copies. Sir Thomas Roe has recorded that he failed to do so by candle light, and only subsequently after spending a considerable time on them, made the right guess.

To revert once again from the past to the present. There are historical places that owe not a little of their reputation to enterprising Tourist Agencies. They invest such modest or at the best pleasing structures with a halo of romance and paint them in all the colours of the rainbow. When the fond traveller arrives, he is disappointed to find that reality is not as good as the picture in his imagination and that sight-seeing has also become a modern industry.

In Jehangir's Mausoleum reality leaves anticipation behind, for it is the *piece de resistance* of architecture in Pakistan. The Taj Mahal is a monument of a great king's love for his royal consort; this one embodies a great queen's love for her royal husband. During his own life time, Jehangir who was extremely fond of gardens, had expressed a desire to be buried in the Dilkusha Gardens of his wife, Nur Jehan. After his demise Nur Jehan set herself to fulfilling his wish and after ten years of work and an expenditure of ten lakhs of rupees, was built this magnificent mausoleum.

We entered through an impressive gateway into an enclosure and further on through another into the garden of Nur Jehan. On a raised platform in the centre stands the handsome mausoleum. From its four sides flow four canals lined with fountains that traverse the garden.

Another marble and enamel gateway leads on to the mausoleum itself. The dainty arches on each side and the decorated marble corridors pleasantly greet the eyes. Inside right in the centre is a white marble sarcophagus underneath which were consigned the mortal remains of the merry monarch. On its top

are inscribed verses from the Koran and on the two sides the ninety-nine attributes of God. At the foot, is an inscription in Persian, which in translation reads : " The illuminated resting place of His Majesty, the asylum of pardon, Noor-ud-Din Mohamed Jehangir Padshah A.H. 1037". (1627 A.D.).

As one stands beside the tomb in silence for a moment or two, eyes cannot help wandering to the ceiling or admiring the beauty of ornamentation. And coming out, one again sees the pavement on four sides, from each of which rises up a minaret with a marble cupola at the top, built up to a height of ninety-five feet and comprising four storeys. Ascending one of these, we obtained a good view of the landscape, of the houses and of the winding Ravi, whispering as it flows along : 'Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever.'

A few steps away is the tomb of Asaf Jah, Noor Jehan's brother and further on is the *rauza* of the great queen herself. Vandalism has robbed both these places of their one-time splendour and of so much beauty in marble and mosaic, leaving them practically bare. For the matter of that neither has the Mausoleum of Jehangir escaped the disturbed times.

While every one talks about the magnificence and the architectural glories of Shah Jehan's reign, few indeed are aware of the great contribution of Nur Jehan. Her life-story reads like a romance and her statesmanship, broad vision and patronage of learning and arts, have built for her a secure place in history. The construction of two such outstanding wonders like the Mausoleum of her father, Itimad-ud-Dowlah at

Agra, which after the Taj Mahal takes the pride of place, and of Jehangir is enough to confer immortality on any person. She was a poet besides and the inventor of the *attar* of roses.

She had herself designed and helped in the building of her *Rauza.* The exquisite marble sarcophagus and the lovely interior decorations are no more. For years it lay in a state of complete neglect and dilapidation. It was the patriotic interest and efforts of the late Hakim Ajmal Khan, that saved it from complete ruin. Even now, it hardly merits a second look. As one sadly turns away, the haunting melody of the famous verse inscribed on her tomb accompanies one for a long long way:

> "Bar mazarè ma gariban, ne chiragi, ne goolee
> Ne pare parvanah soozad, ne sade-e bool-boolee !"

The nearest free translation will be:

> "On our humble tomb, let there be neither lamp nor rose. The one will be an invitation to the moth to burn its wings. The other to the nightingale to pour out the sorrow of its heart."

VI

From here, we now turned to go to the famous Shalimar Bagh at the other end of the town and nearly eight miles from where we were—Nur Jehan's *rauza.* Shalimar means "Abode of Joy" and a popular tradition ascribes the laying out of the gardens, to an unusual circumstance. Shah Jehan reposing one night in the Dilkusha Gardens adjoining his father's Mausoleum, had a dream, in which he beheld the gardens

of Paradise in all their resplendent glory—cool pavilions, marble fountains, every conceivable kind of greenery and trees laden with fruits of gold. The very next morning the Emperor commanded his two most skilful engineers—Ali Mardan Khan and Nawab Fazal Khan to his presence and asked them to translate his dream into reality. Eighty acres of land and six lakhs of rupees went to the making of Shalimar which was completed in 1637.

The distinguishing features of the Gardens are three spacious terraces, one above the level of the other, but which from a distance give the feeling of even surface. The Shahi-Nehar, (the Royal Canal) brought from a distance, intersects and waters the lovely gardens and empties itself in the centre basin, from which as well as from the canal rise a profusion of fountains.

'Farah Baksh,' as the first terrace is called, was meant for the Emperor and the imperial household and comprised his Khwabgah and Baths. His Darbars were also held here. From the terrace one can get a most pleasing view.

The second terrace is named 'Faiz Baksh.' From here, a cascade drops down into a pool of water, over a beautiful marble screen. A little further, there is a tank with artistic pavilions on either side, with fountains gaily playing. A marble throne stands between the pool and the tank, with a marble railing covering it. The total effect is altogether captivating.

It was this beautiful cascade of water set in the midst of picturesque scenery, that inspired a Moghal princess to write a couplet, which has become so famous in literature :

" Ai abshār naughāgar az bhar-i-kisti
Sar dar nigun figanda ze andoh-i-kisti
Ayā chi dard bud ki chun mā tamām shab
Sar rā bā sang mizadi-o migiristi."

Sir Abdul Qadir's translation of this reads :

" O Waterfall ! Whose absence are you bewailing ?
Why is your head cast down in such heavy grief ?
Intense indeed must be your agony, very like mine, that throughout the night,
You were striking your head against the stone and crying out so bitterly ?"

On the way to Shalimar, we had stopped to see the beautiful mosque of Wazir Khan and the Tomb of Anarkali and felt that this non-stop sight-seeing was enough for the day.



V

POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES IN PAKISTAN

O Brave New World
That has such people in it.
(SHAKESPEARE)

I

"YOUR Capital," I remarked, "seems mostly a city of mosques and tombs. What about its contemporary life? Where is the No. 10 Downing Street of Pakistan? Where is its Parliament House? And where are the Headquarters of the principal opposition parties? I would like to see something of these places."

"In fact," my friend said, "you have been invited to a number of such places, and it is time we started. We will go to the Parliament House later; let us now go to the Congress office."

Soon we entered the spacious compound of the Bradlaugh Hall. Mian Iftikharuddin, the President of the Pakistan Congress, received me with more than usual politeness. He was dressed in an elegantly cut *achkan*, with Gandhi cap to match. We had a pleasant conversation, after which he asked me to dinner at his place on the following day. As I had already heard that Begam Iftikharuddin was the finest hostess in Pakistan, I promptly accepted the invitation. He also generously offered to invite other celebrities for my benefit,—the illustrious Dr. Kitchlew, whose name is so well known even outside Pakistan, Maulana Daud Ghaznavi, the nationalist leader, the

redoubtable Professor Abdul Majid, a staunch admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit K. Santhanam, the doyen of Pakistan Insurance and above all Raizada Hansraj, a veteran of many battles and the Grand Old Man of Pakistan.

The President of the District Congress Committee, Lala Jagat Narain, who had also joined in our conversation, appeared to be a man of few words. He struck me as a very shrewd person and a brisk organiser, as brisk as he was shrewd.

By a happy coincidence, Gopal Singh Qaumi, the Leader of the "Rabbi Party," (Pro-God party), was also there. He was introduced to me as *Sardar* from which I concluded at first, that he must be illiterate. But he spoke with such fervour and informed eloquence, that I was at once convinced to the contrary. He must also be a Sardar Bahadur I thought, and introduced to me, as a Sardar by a slip of the tongue, or maybe, he was even a Master. In any case, I did not have a chance to enquire. Moreover, being weak in grammar since my school days, I was frankly getting puzzled about Sikh prefixes and suffixes.

The mission which he had undertaken with such ardour and zeal was of great importance. He had sworn to rid Pakistan of all who believe in either more than one God, or in none at all. The polytheists and the atheists were reported to be stressing the need of Collective Security and had formed a Popular Front, against what they called the menace of Rabbism. But Leader Qaumi spoke in confident tones and affirmed his faith in final victory, despite temporary reverses.

II

The offices of the Pakistan Congress Socialist Party were in the same building as the Congress, only one storey higher up. This was ideologically quite correct and in keeping with the popular belief that the socialists are always a little away from the earth and a little too near the skies. I shall get something new to see here, I thought, and the hope made me feel happy.

"Who is their leader ?" I asked.

"Munshi Ahmeddin," was the reply. "He has the head of an organiser, the heart of a poet and the tongue of an orator."

"I have heard of him. Where is he ?"

"Well, you ought to know that he is in prison."

"In prison ?" I exclaimed, "lucky devil. How I wish, I was there too. He must be in the Fort, lolling on luxurious cushions in the Shish Mahal or maybe, he was strolling in the garden, watching the tall cypress trees or exchanging a couplet or two with the morning breeze."

"Tut, tut," said my friend, who was rather sore on the question of political prisoners, "he is in Gujarat Jail."

"In Gujarat Jail !" I exclaimed, "impossible. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel does not keep socialists in jail, he keeps them at bay."

"Well, it is not the Gujarat of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel that I am talking about, but the Gujarat of Pakistan."

"What," I said "is there a Gujarat in Pakistan also?" Perhaps, I said to myself, a new city was built here

to commemorate the victory of Bardoli. Without doubt, the Pakistan Government was very go-ahead in such matters. But before I could go into any details, a number of bright looking youths effusively came forward to meet me. One of them handed to me a learned-looking, closely written, heavily printed pamphlet.

"What is this ?" I enquired.

"This" said the young man, "is rather an important document. It is the thesis adopted at the Party Conference, the one before the last."

"Thesis ?" I returned, "oh yes, I know all about Thesis, and also about Anti-thesis, and about Synthesis as well ; in fact all about the Dialectical Process."

This statement made a most favourable impression on the party and my stocks immediately went up.

"And do you," I added significantly, "always interpret History economically ?"

They were a bit puzzled, but not for long.

"Are you referring to the Economic Interpretation of History ?" chimed in Comrade Mangaldas.

I nodded.

"Always," said all of them simultaneously.

"And do you determine everything objectively... I mean, ideology, background, thesis ?"

"Everything," they chanted in unison.

I was charmed alike with their refreshing unanimity as well as ideological clarity. It was evidence of a faith firm as rock. They also seemed pleased with me. That was natural, for it is not every one who can speak to them in the native language of Socialism as I had done.

"And who," I asked, "is the learned author of this thesis ?"

"Professor Tilak Raj," came the reply, "a person of rare integrity. Few indeed equal him in courage and sincerity. He is one of the chief ideologues of the Party, and was lately Professor of Economics at D. A. V. College at Rawalpindi."

"Professor of Economics," I said, "my friend, you are making some mistake. For I have it on very reliable authority that Sir Manoharlal is the only person in Pakistan who knows anything about Economics."

But my informant would not concede even an inch of ground.

"And where is Professor Tilak Raj now ?"

"He is also in Jail, where his health has been completely shattered."

"Also in Jail ?" I exclaimed, "for what ? For writing that thesis ?"

"Who knows," was the reply, "the Government here does not always assign reasons for political imprisonment."

"That is real statesmanship," I said, "It obviously does not want to hurt the feelings of political prisoners, by informing them of the real nature of their offence. The more sensitive among them might get upset. Modern psychological research has confirmed the fact, that people do not like to be reminded of unpleasant topics. It is enough if a political prisoner is charged with something, and that is kept strictly confidential."

The company laughed, why I could not understand, perhaps thinking I was joking. I was about to explain,

when I noticed a little flutter in the crowd and learnt that the present General Secretary of the Pakistan Congress Socialist Party had arrived.

"What is his name ?" I asked in a whisper.

"Professor Ramkumar."

"What, another Professor ? Does the Socialist Party here consist only of Professors ? Are there any student members in it also ?"

"You are speaking to one," put in a smart looking youngster eagerly. "At your service," he added with a charming bow which at once revealed his academic good breeding. I learnt that his name was Somprakash Shaida.

"That I am speaking to one is certain," I said, "but one swallow does not make a summer."

"One swallow," he rejoined, "How do you mean ? We have plenty of swallows, though I admit not so many nightingales."

This neat reply brought a crowd of literary memories to my mind. Seeing me silent, Somprakash added: "'I may inform you that our charming Students' Secretary, Prem Bhasin is also in Jail."

"He must have," I said, "like Keats, written an "Ode To A Nightingale," or maybe, like Shelley to some Skylark."

But they insisted that his imprisonment had nothing to do with either Keats or Shelley, with nightingales or skylarks.

"It might also interest you to know," added Comrade Mangaldas, "that our beloved Comrade Ramachandra and communist friends like Sohan Singh Josh, Mubarak Sagher, Bedi, Sodhi Pindidas, Vatsa, Sukhan among others, are also behind the bars. Excepting

Ramchandra, the others are likely soon to be released in view of the change in their attitude towards World War II, which they now regard to be a People's War and not an Imperialist War and their consequent unconditional support to the War efforts of the Pakistan Government."

This Jail business was getting a bit thick for me and so I skilfully piloted the conversation to more agreeable subjects. After an interesting chat I took leave. The Comrades displayed commendable enthusiasm in shouting a variety of Zindabads. Just as I was getting into the car, some one called: "Don't forget to study that thesis."

III

"Let us go from here first to the *Yatimkhana*."*

"Yatimkhana?" I broke in, "what yatimkhana? I don't want to go to any Yatimkhana. Please go straight to the Servants of the People Society, according to plan."

"Well, well, you sometimes take things very literally. Yatimkhana is a code word. The people of Pakistan call the Servants of the People Society by this name."

"But why?" I asked, both mollified and intrigued at the same time.

"How can one tell for certain, why a particular nickname is bestowed on any institution? A possible explanation is that Lala Lajpatrai was the founder and the mainstay of the institution and since his death it is orphaned. Perhaps that's why, it is so called."

* Yatimkhana means orphanage

In less than three minutes we had arrived. I was very eager to visit the Headquarters of the Society, whose fame had travelled to Bombay and far beyond, and to meet its leading members. The President of the Society, the Hon'ble Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, Speaker of the U.P. Legislative Assembly, was also here, and as I was the first non-Pakistani on whom he had set eyes for many a long day, he greeted me with an added dose of enthusiasm. I had known him for years and always thought that despite his forbidding beard, in spirits he is at least a generation younger than he looks.

We crowded into the ever obliging Dr. Gopichand's Study, where his devoted Personal Assistant, Mulk Raj, was running a non-stop relay race between the typewriter and the telephone. There were collected there Lala Achintram, who has the face of an intellectual and the manners of Cardinal Newman's Gentleman ; the scholarly and sociable Principal Chhabildas, a lion in the lecture hall, but rather hen-pecked at home ; the affable Lala Jagannath, a smiling picture of efficiency ; the well-informed Lala Mohanlal, who is so busy in touching the untouchables that he has hardly any time for less civilised pursuits ; and not the least, Ferozchand, highly spoken of everywhere, and reputed to be the most famous lotus-eater in Pakistan.

Attached to the Society are the Lajpatrai Hall and the Dwarkadas Library. What excellent books and magazines ! I could not help congratulating the gentleman who was in charge of the choicely-stocked library and reading-room.

IV

"This," said Kaisar Mustafa, "is the office of the All-India Majlis-i-Ahrar." I had already been introduced to this charming young man, and had particularly liked his name—a happy combination of Kaisar William and Mustapha Kemal.

We climbed a rather narrow flight of steps. I was looking forward to a biggish modern office, with a poss of secretaries, stenographers, clerks, even an odd accountant or two. But to my surprise I faced a room which contained a table, a legacy from the days of Father Adam, a couple of pensionable chairs and a ramshackle *charpai* bed. his could not be the office. I kept on telling myself, when suddenly I was invited to sit down on the *charpai*.

"This does not look like an office at all," I ventured, unable to conceal my feelings in spite of myself. "How do you allow a *charpai* in an office ?"

"What ?", cried young Yuresh Kashmiri, his intelligent and handsome face livid with a mounting rage, "do you know that this *charpai* is the visible symbol of Ahrari greatness, on which we allow only our most distinguished visitors to sit as a special mark of honour ? It was sitting on this that our beloved leader Chowdhary Afzal Huq did all his thinking ; all the intoxicating speeches of Maulana Ataullah Shah Bukhari were worked out on it ; on it were drafted all the learned fatvas of Maulana Habibur Rehman ; on it are written all the brilliant articles of Maulana Manifestoes of Shaikh Hisamuddin have had their birth on it ; Ghazi Abdur Rehman's municipal inspira-

tons had their source here; all the lovely poems of Aka Shorish were composed on it; the stirring eloquence of Sahebzada Faizul Hasan and Kazi Ehsan Ahmed is due to its inspiration; Sufi Inayat Mohomed marched from here to prison 21 times. The brave volunteers of Sardar Mohomed Shafi, our G.O.C., start on all their parades and processions from a ring around it. What have you to say to all this?'

I was so completely taken aback by this outburst of lyrical narration and so much struck by remorse, that I could hardly say anything. But I secretly decided on return to Bombay to give a tip to the Curator of the Museum, to lose no time in opening negotiations with a view to the charpai's early acquisition.

The room was now crowded with shining faces and blazing eyes full of selfless devotion and enthusiasm. It did my heart good to look at so much sincerity and sacrifice in the face. Many of these lads earned less than a rupee a day by hard work and from it, keeping a few indispensable annas for the daily bread, turned the remaining few to the organization for its minimum expenses. Man does not live by bread alone.

"The position of the Ahrars," said my friend, "is indeed most peculiar. The politically conservative Muslims regard them as Congressites; the Congressmen look upon them as tinged with communalism; the Government regards them as its Enemy No. 1. Few indeed have made the sacrifices that the Ahraris have made. They also have made plenty of mistakes. They have been doers rather than thinkers, actionists rather than arm-chair radicals. But now they are drifting, and drifting at large, very much like characters in

search of an author. Perhaps the march of events and their own inherent radicalism will ultimately lead them to a safe harbour."

V

"What next?", I enquired. "You seem to have drawn up a very ambitious programme of visits and interviews for me."

"The next round begins with the Muslim League," replied my friend.

"That's fine," I said, "go ahead."

"The President of the Pakistan Muslim League is the Nawab Saheb of Mamdot—a man of great tact and wealth. His role has been to keep the road that leads from the residence of the Qaid-e-Azam to that of the Qaid-e-Pakistan in a state of good repair."*

"A first class engineering job, without the least doubt. And who," I asked, "is the head of the Lahore Muslim League?"

"Nawabzada Rashid Ali Khan," was the reply. "A very rich and enthusiastic young person. Next there is Khan Bahadur Mohomed Ramzan, ex-General Secretary of the Pakistan Muslim League."

"So two Nawabs and a Khan Bahadur," I remarked, "lead the procession of Muslim League celebrities in Pakistan? This is splendid. In other countries of the West, the controversy between the advocates of Heredity and Environment has been raging fast and furious with the advantage going to the environmentalists. I am encouraged to find that in Pakistan at least, Heredity has won hands down, and that the ties of blood

* The Nawab Saheb suddenly passed away as a result of heart failure. Earlier the same evening he had attended a public meeting in connection with the China Day.

and state still abide. From a strictly scientific point of view, I am interested in particulars about aristocratic lineage and social position. Pray, throw some light, if you can, on these aspects also."

"The Nawab Saheb of Mamdot retired after distinguised service in the Nizam State; Nawabzada Rashid Ali Khan is the son of the late Sir Zulfikar Ali Khan; Khan Bahadur Mohomed Ramzan retired as the Deputy Post Master General of Pakistan. One of his sons is in the Indian Police Service and is a Superintendent in the C.I.D., Lahore, while another is in the Provincial Civil Service."

"Many thanks indeed for these illuminating particulars. But who looks after the office, the propaganda department and the volunteers?"

"The Office Secretary of the Lahore League," continued my friend, "is Khawaja Abdul Gani, a very sincere and respected worker; the Propaganda Secretary is Mr. Inayatulla Khan, an ex-Professor and one time a believing Christian, who subsequently embraced Islam. He is an effective speaker. He first joined the Ahrars. Then resigned and joined the Ittehad-e-Millat. Resigned again, and now has travelled to the Muslim League.

"The Salar-i-Azam of the Volunteers is Mian Ferozdin Ahmed, a powerful mass speaker, full of aggressive push, which often sets many complications rolling. In the Khilafat days, he was sentenced to life transportation for distributing the Fatvas of the Jamait-ul-ulema among the troops, but the Montford Reforms brought amnesty; in the Shahidgunj agitation he called Governor Emerson "Amarsingh"; later spent several months in internment."

Men like Mian Ferozdin among the Muslims and Beli Shah among the Hindus are fiercely adored and equally fiercely condemned. They have been denounced times without number as goondas, mischief-makers, communalists; and hailed equally loudly as plucky organisers and protectors of religion! Two colourful men undoubtedly, among the most social in Pakistan and as it were essentially the product of and typifying the present disturbed times.

My investigations brought to light many interesting particulars. There was another group in the League, who had been admirers of the late Sir Mohammed Iqbal and even after his demise, were not reconciled to Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan. They include Malik Barkat Ali, well-known advocate and Member of Parliament and two of his legal confreres, Pir Tajuddin and Mr. Gulam Rasul, both barristers.

Among younger men there is Ashiq Husain, a good short-story writer, who has, however, a long story to tell in a pamphlet, on how the Unionists have obstructed the growth of the Muslim League in Pakistan!

And then there is that happy pair—Gulam Rasul Meher and Abdul Majid Salek, both co-editors and proprietors of that interesting daily paper, which by a mild poetic exaggeration is called *Inquilab* (Revolution). Needless to say, both are violently pro-Sikandar. Meher, a good organiser, is also one of the leading Urdu journalists in Pakistan and has one of the largest private libraries in oriental literature. Salek made a name as a journalist, was imprisoned for two years during the Khilafat days, has translated Tagore's *Gitanjali*, *Gardener* and other works into

Urdu, is in secret an admirer of Abul Kalam Azad and openly fills his paper with anti-Congress articles. As a translator from the English language into Urdu, he is without an equal.

Moulana Zafar Ali Khan has described their paper in a delicious but untranslatable verse:

"Inqilābāt hain Zamānā Ké
Méhér o Salak Ke Inqilab ko dekh."

VI

Above all and beyond all, stands Moulana Zafar Ali Khan. His politics have neither head nor tail. But he seems to sum up within himself, the reactions of an entire epoch. Poet, writer, orator, politician, theologian, matchless journalist, eccentric—he is all these in one and there is no single yardstick by which he can be measured. He has made and unmade reputations, fought and won, fought and lost, gone to jail any number of times, but always come out unrepentant. Large-hearted and capricious at the same time, a man of sterling moral character, he has a child's simplicity of heart and a spendthrift's contempt for accounts, whether his own or other peoples'. Consistency has never been one of his weak points. In fact, he has always regarded consistency as the virtue of an ass. Poetry flows from him as naturally and as abundantly as water from a fountain. And his gifts are as varied as his moods.

Moulana Zafar Ali Khan's daily paper *Zamindar* has become a legend. Whatever causes it has championed, and it has championed the most contradictory pro-

grammes, it has done so with a passion, a fervour and a downrightness that has come each time as a fresh surprise. Moreover, the *Zamindar* holds the proud record, that it has so far forfeited well over a lakh of rupees in security to Government for its independence of spirit, but phoenix like has always emerged from each successive trial, to confound its opponents. This record of forfeitures is perhaps unequalled by any journal in the world. Still conducted under the Moulana's exacting guidance, today, *Zamindar* is being edited by that competent and resourceful journalist Azhar Amritsari.

The indirect influence of *Zamindar* on Pakistan journalism has been no less great. Abdul Majid Salek, Editor of the daily *Inquilab* started as Assistant Editor of *Zamindar*. Mumtaz Ahmed Maikash, Editor of the daily *Shabaz* likewise was both assistant and later Chief Editor of *Zamindar*. So also, that capable journalist Nasrulla Khan Aziz, Editor of *Mussalman* was a Chief Editor. Vakar Ambalvi, Editor of the daily *Ahsan* was deeply under Moulana Zafar Ali Khan's influence during his pro-Congress days, when he worked both in *Pratap* and *Milap*. The same may be said of Mohomed Usman Farqulid, Editor of *Zam Zam* Again that brilliant humourist, Chirag Hasan Hasrat "Sindbad Jahazi" who was languishing in Calcutta was brought to the editorial office of the *Zamindar* by the Moulana. From here he moved to other journals, till he landed into the All-India Radio. Other instances also came to mind, but enough. This is a record for which any journal and any editor might well feel proud.

VII

"What about the leading lights of Sikh politics?" I enquired.

We fell to discussing the men, and their ideas and their institution in right earnest. From the talks I gathered that Sikh politics were divided into several well-marked groves. The more prominent were the Shiromani Akali Dal, the Central Akali Dal, the Khalsa National Party and the Baba group. For the sake of convenience and to convey a clear idea of what each of these fraternally warring institutions stands for, I would designate them as follows:

Shiromani Akali Dal —THE HAVES
Baba Group —THE HAVE-NOTS
Central Akali Dal —THE ALSO RANS
Khalsa National Party —THE BYGONES.

Surrounning them all is the Shiromani Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee (S.G.P.C.), which controls all the Sikh Gurudwaras and therefore their large funds, which run into lakhs. Whoever, therefore, has a majority on this Committee, becomes the dominating factor in Sikh politics, for that Party can pay the piper and therefore call for its own good tune. The elections, which are fiercely contested, take place under Government auspices every three years and every Sikh, man or woman above the age of 21 years, is eligible as a voter. The Shiromani Akali Dal, for several years past, has a majority on the S.G.P.C., and so it is a safe guess that it is by far the strongest of all the various groups.

Master Tara Singh, the President of the Shiromani Akali Dal is also the President of the Shiromani Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee and is one of the most

influential of Sikh leaders. I was not a little surprised to learn that his ancestors were not very long ago Hindu and were comparatively speaking, recent converts to Sikhism. A one-time school-master, Tara Singh has often seen Jail. In the middle twenties in the Nabha agitation thousands of Sikhs were imprisoned. Their case dragged on for three years and ultimately Tara Singh along with Sardar Sarmukh Singh Jhabbal and Gopal Singh Qaumi among others, refused to agree to Government's compromise proposals and continued in prison while his other colleagues preferred agreement and release. The Civil Disobedience Movement again saw him in Jail. In the last few years he has moved away from nationalism, resigned from the Congress and has become an aggressive advocate of "Sikh" claims.*

Master Tara Singh's brother, Professor Niranjan Singh, is Principal of the Khalsa National College at Lahore. A popular teacher he is also a very capable educationist.

Tara Singh's prominent associates include Jathedar Udham Singh Nagoke, an ex-President of the Shiromani Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee, who specialises in Kisan questions from the Akali view-point; Sardar Sant Singh, a flourishing lawyer of Lyallpur and an active and wide awake member of the Central Legislative Assembly. He takes keen interest in educational questions, but never visits jails and rather likes nice things being said to him in his presence.

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* Recently Master Tara Singh resigned the Presidentship as well as the membership of the Shiromani Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee and Shiromani Akali Dal. In a statement from Lahore, dated March 5 1944, he said, (according to a *United Press* message); "There are some people who think I am grasping at these positions. This suspicion weakens the Panthik (Sikh) organisations as long as I am here. Moreover Panthik work has increased enormously and in the present stage of my health, I am unable to cope with it."

"Then there is," continued my friend, "Giani Kartar Singh, Member of Parliament........

"Wait a moment," I protested, "where did you get this new prefix 'Giani' from? It was not in the original list of four, to which you had subsequently added one more."

"You see," patiently explained my friend, "Giani is not a title of courtesy, but a designation of credit. One has to pass an examination to get it."

"I get it now," I replied, "are there many Gianis?"

"Any number. There is Giani Watan Singh who is a Socialist, Giani Kartar Singh, who is a pacca Akali, Giani Gurumukh Singh Musafar, the Editor of *Akali Patrika*, who is Akali plus Congress, Giani Sher Singh...."

"Did you say, Akali plus Congress?" I asked "What is that?"

"There is a section among Akalis which is in the Congress and another section that has dissociated itself from it. For example, Sardars Sampuran Singh, Pratap Singh, Kapur Singh, Darshan Singh, and others are in the Congress and hold prominent positions, while Master Tara Singh, Giani Kartar Singh and others have resigned from the Congress. But at the same time, both continue to belong to the same party, the Shiromani Akali Dal, some of whose official policies are at variance with those of the Congress."

"But this is most puzzling," I said feeling at a loss. "How do you explain it? Is this a normal feature of Pakistan Politics?"

"It is like this," my friend rejoined, "If there is a General Election to Parliament to-day, the Congress will capture 95% of all the Sikh seats, if the Akalis

are with the Congress, and 75% even if they are not. Now the Akalis are clever and they know this fact very well, nor have they forgotten the effect of the whirlwind election tours of Jawaharlal Nehru. So a strong section among them is for an alliance with the Congress.

"But several Akali leaders are very anxious to increase the Sikh percentage in the army, and as they could not very well urge this from the Congress platform without infringing discipline, they have broken off from that organisation and are doing it on their own, in the name of Shiromani Akali Dal."

"But," I said......

"There are, if you please, no buts in Pakistan," returned my friend. "The fact of the matter is that our beloved Premier, Sir Sikandar, is very fond of eating his cake and still having it, and the habit is becoming popular. The Akalis have only taken a leaf from the Premier's book. They have learnt that in these unsettled times, it is not safe to put all one's eggs in one basket."

My friend said these words with such an air of finality, that it was no use continuing the discussion.

"What about the other groups?" I asked.

"The other groups? Well, the Babas are a troublesome lot and such members of their group as could be got at are safely in prison. They rather offended Sir Chhotu Ram by talking about Kisans, who, as everybody knows, are his special monopoly."*

As for the Khalsa National Party, it is rather crippled by the death of their leader Sir Sunder Singh

* Lately such of them as declared themselves converted to the theory of the "People's War" have been released.

Majithia. To-day you would need a microscope to discover any of its supporters, of course, outside the Parliament.

The Central Akali Dal has lately been reorganised and at its head is one of the most respected and courageous personalities in Pakistan—Baba Kharak Singh. Years back when the Shiromani Gurudwara Prabandhak Committee was organised, he was elected its first President. He was also the President of the Congress organization. Brave to the point of recklessness, and obstinate to the point of indiscretion, he has spent many years in Jail, but has never co-operated with any law-court. In 1922 he was sentenced to six years rigorous imprisonment for a speech and kept in the lowest class. As he was not given suitable clothes, except for a *lungot* he remained completely uncovered all the years, including in the very severe winters as a mark of protest. Others who had joined him gave up one by one, as the bitter winter cold assailed them. But Baba Kharak Singh persisted in his protest, even when the temperature went down below freezing point. He remains as before an opponent of tyranny, but of late years takes no part in the Congress.

With him are Baba Madan Singh Gaga, who served a twenty years' sentence in jail. He is a Punjabi poet, but recites his poems only privately. Sardar Amar Singh, is Editor of *Sher-e-Punjab* and his favourite pastime is Akali-baiting.

"There are two other Sikh personalities in whom you are likely to be very much interested," continued my friend, "I refer to Sardar Sardul Singh Caveeshar and Sardar Mangal Singh."

Sardar Sardul Singh Caveeshar, is an old timer

in politics. Way back in the early twenties, when Sikh awakening was still young, he became one of their intellectual leaders. He was sentenced to six years' hard labour for an article in the *Akali*, which Sardar Mangal Singh was editing. Later he was prominent in Civil Disobedience and in the Anti-Ministry agitation. He meddles with politics even outside Pakistan and is therefore supposed to be a very forward man. Perhaps, it was for that reason that he was elected President of the Forward Bloc, and also finds himself in prison so often.

Mangal Singh rendered invaluable service to the Akali Movement, but parted company when it showed sectarian tendencies. He was the G.O.C. of the Lahore Session of the Congress. A member of the Central Legislative Assembly, he is witty and jovial.

The odd thing about him is that though very fond of going to jail himself—in 1930 and earlier, 1932, 1940, and so on, he cannot bear the idea of others remaining in jail when he is out—a sort of spiritual jealousy possesses him. It is solely for that reason that he chaperoned the Political Prisoners Release Committee and went about raising so much needless controversy and making the already difficult task of the Pakistan Premier and of Sir Reginald Maxwell so much more so.

VIII

At last the Hindu Mahasabha.

I learnt that Raja Narendra Nath, Bhai Parmanand and Sir Gocalchand Narang are the high spots of the Pakistan Hindu Mahasabha. Other prominent persons include Rai Bahadur Mukundlal Puri, Captain Keshub

Chunder and Rai Bahadur Gopaldas. This pageant of titles, needless to say, impressed me greatly. To this list may be conveniently added the name of the veteran Professor Gulshan Rai, restlessly ready with intellectual arguments in support of the Mahasabha position.

The President of the Pakistan Hindu Mahasabha, I had imagined to be some sort of a fierce superman, clad in flowing saffron robes, standing on a tiger-skin, Gita in one hand and sword in the other, perpetually dreaming of *Hindu pad padshahi.* What was my surprise then to discover that Raja Narendra Nath was an old type of noble aristocrat, gentle as a lamb, polite as a courtier, amiable like your own grandfather and a great devotee of Urdu and Persian poetry. No one responsible, associates his name with aggressive communalism. Sir Sikandar called him "Chacha" (Uncle). He has indeed remarkably few personal opponents.

It is even said that during his period of Government service—he retired many years ago as the Commissioner of a division—the Hindus frequently branded him as pro-Muslim. He has lived to see the tables strongly turned against him, without getting ruffled. When Babu Rajendra Prasad and Mr. Jinnah arrived at a draft of a communal settlement, some years ago, Raja Narendra Nath was the only prominent Mahasabhaite to accept the document. Owing to certain differences with his " nephew "—the Pakistan Premier, he resigned from Parliament. The differences arose in connection with an Agrarian Bill. The late Sir Sunder Singh Majithia, the Minister in charge of the Bill, behaved very curtly and inconsiderately towards the Raja Saheb. The Premier when appealed to also declined to furnish certain figures in connection

with the Bill. Thereupon Raja Narendra Nath resigned in disgust. Politics and poetry, still remain his two favourite hobbies.

Bhai Parmanand's life has been an essay in sacrifice, the latter part of the essay vitiated by a militant identification with communalism. Its beginning was thrilling — revolutionary activity, sentence of death, commutation to penal servitude for life, the horrors of jail life in the Andamans—release, Chancellorship of the National University, fame as a scholar of history. Then came a swift drift to communalism, election to the Central Assembly, bitterness born of ineffectiveness and isolation from the masses, a sense of frustration on seeing the Hindus troop out of the Hindu Sabha and rally to the cosmopolitan banner of the Congress. This helplessness found expression in hysterical denunciation, which brought only the reputation of a crank. The one-time scholar of history forgot that it is not easy to march against the current of history. His motto is: Never agree with anybody. Even Mr. Savarkar is not excluded from its impartial operation.

"Sir Goculchand Narang," my friend said, "will be at the Parliament House and it will be best to have a look at him and at some of his colleagues there."

IX

"At another time," said my friend, "we would have taken you to Ichhra, the General Headquarters of the Khaksars. But recently the Khaksar organization has been declared illegal, its leaders imprisoned, its funds frozen, and its journal suppressed."

"Why all this repression ?" I asked in surprise, "the Pakistan Government is famed the world over for its zealous preservation of Civil Liberties."

"You will only understand this right, when you understand that remarkable person, who is the leader of the Khaksars," was the reply.

"Do tell me about him."

"Allama Mashraqi," my friend continued, "is a combination of an expert Tammany Hall Boss and leader of an Islamic revivalist movement. The Muslim clergy hate him only next to Satan and consign him to a perdition, that even Satan dare not contemplate with equanimity. The Allama also is no meek and mild angel and has not left any picturesque adjective to be found in the dictionary, unused, in his dealings with the *Ulema.*

"Now to great powers of organization, the Allama adds a very ambitious and truculent spirit. He planned to build another super-state called *Khaksaristan.* This was intended not only to outdistance, eclipse and ultimately absorb Pakistan itself, but to reach out far, far beyond.

"You will remember, that when Oliver Cromwell was asked his formula of success he had replied, 'Trust in God, but keep your power dry.' This advice the Allama had taken to heart. His powder was being kept dry assiduously, and the guardians of the powder were often found in uniform, on numerous parade grounds all over Pakistan, carrying the symbolical *belcha* (spade).

"As the Allama's imperium grew, boundary disputes arose between the states of Pakistan and Khaksaristan. Soon, events started moving fast and furious. The

Khaksar journal, *Al Islah*, roared thunder and denunciation while the Allama's Belcha Panzer Divisions showed signs of brisk activity. If the head of Pakistan had been a tame civilian, perhaps the show-down would not have come so quickly. But Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan is, as every one knows, every inch a soldier. He immediately gave a call to arms, and instant mobilisation was ordered. A series of preliminary skirmishes ensued, in which both sides claimed victory. But at last, Sir Sikandar's brilliant generalship was seen to full advantage. At the decisive battle of Lahoreloo, he over-whelmed the Khaksar forces by a skilful pincer movement.

"The Allama was deported to a destination then unknown while the prisoners of war filled the various jails of Pakistan."

At the conclusion of this narrative my friend looked triumphantly at me.

"The more I hear about the exploits of your Premier," I said, "the greater grows my admiration for him. Would that Hindustan also had a statesman and a soldier of his calibre!"*

X

"It is a thousand pities," my friend said, "that Goswami Ganesh Dutt, the guide, philosopher and friend of the Sanatan Dharma Sabha is at present not in Lahore, though normally he should be here at this time. He is a person you would have greatly liked to meet."

* The Khaksar Organisation has since been legalised on its accepting the terms imposed by the Pakistan Government—no uniforms, no *belchas*, no drilling, no marching, no demonstrations—and full support to the war effort.—(Ed.)

"Where is he now ?" I enquired.

"He has gone to the Hills."

"To the Hills ?" I queried.

"Yes, to the Himalayas."

"I understand" I replied, "One of his disciples perhaps has committed a Himalayan blunder and the Goswamiji has gone to atone for it."

"Goodness, no," returned my friend, "The Goswamiji is a holy man. He spends half his year in this mundane world; and the other half in the lofty solitude of the Himalayas, in tune with the infinite."

"Good idea," I remarked, "God and Man both must be equally pleased with him."

"Indeed, so it seems. For Goswami Ganesh Dutt is equally at home in this finite world. He has a devoted following. He is undoubtedly the most persuasive fund collector for public causes in Pakistan and he takes interest in a variety of matters, especially in education."

"Education !" I said, "How do you mean ?"

"Well, every one knows his part in the running of the Sanatan Dharma College. The famous Professor Brij Narayan is on its staff."

"What !" I cried, "do you mean to tell me that Brij Narayan the fire-eating champion of new thought is allowed to hold forth at a college that is supposed to be crusading for the preservation of ancient culture?"

"Yes. Not only that but Professor Brij Narayan is also the chief ornament and the chief attraction of the College. His lectures are the most crowded."

"Do you mean to imply," I hazarded, "that the shrewd Goswami is using Brij Narayan, the heretic,

to catch modern-minded students into the subtle nets of Sanatan Dharma ?"

"Pardon me. I have already told you that we in Pakistan do not rush to conclusions so swiftly."

"Then perhaps," I suggested, "the explanation is the explanation offered by Omar Khayyam that the unbeliever knows his scriptures best."

"You may draw your own conclusions."

XI

"We have in Pakistan," said my friend, "a net-work of educational institutions, named after Swami Dayanand Saraswati, the founder and inspirer of the Arya Samaj. You must spare some time to visit the D.A.V. College."

"D.A.V. ", I queried, "what do these initials connote ?"

"These letters stand for 'Dayanand Anglo-Vedic'. There are quite a number of D.A.V. schools and colleges, and they are controlled by one important section of the Arya Samaj."

"Did you say one important section ?" I asked, "Which is it ?"

"The Arya Samaj, as you doubtless know has exercised a powerful influence here for many years. Today there are no fewer than 737 Arya Samaj branches in Pakistan alone, and 562 in Hindustan and beyond. Its membership is in the vicinity of a half a million.

"Quite early two streams of thought developed within it. One favoured a mixture of Western learning with Vedic thought, while the other vehemently championed the system of ancient Hindu education."

"This sounds very interesting," I commented, "who were the leading protagonists on each side and what were the results of their efforts?"

"When Swami Dayanand Saraswati died in 1883, he left a brilliant youthful trio—Hansraj, Pandit Guru Dutta and Lala Lajpatrai to carry on his work. The D. A. V. School started three years later and developed into a college in 1889. Lala Hansraj became its first principal, and served the institution for 28 years without receiving any salary. This group came to be known as the College Party and their efforts resulted in the establishment of a string of similar institutions all over Pakistan."

"The other group," my friend continued, "proceeded to establish the Gurukul at the holy city of Hardwar, on the upper reaches of the Ganges. Swami Shraddhanand became its flaming leader. It was modelled on the ancient Hindu seats of learning. Students enter it at the age of seven and remain there for the next twelve to sixteen years. Each has to take the three-fold vow of poverty, chastity and implicit obedience. Parents have to agree to leave them undisturbed in charge of their *Gurus*. The students living together all these years under a certain atmosphere, emerge from it imbued with the spirit of Sanskrit learning and Vedic lore."

"What would you say were the results of these two different experiments in education?" I asked.

"Well, generally speaking, both were successful. The College Group, however, emerged with much larger influence than the Gurukul Group. It is not surprising that in the modern world, the modernists should get the upper hand."

"Am I to understand," I put in, "that all the Gurukul boys graduate into the past and know nothing or next to nothing of modern science and languages?"

"Actually," replied my friend, "the Gurukul leaders have made quite a number of concessions to present times. Science and English are indeed taught there. But the spirit of the place is essentially vedic. As a matter of fact the Governor of the Gurukul University, Pandit Chamupati, holds a Master's degree from the Cambridge University."

"I had not suspected it" I exclaimed, "but you Pakistanis seem to be facing a regular spiritual crisis. Fancy a Brij Narayan teaching at the Sanatan Dharma College and a Cambridge graduate at the head of the Gurukula! To me it appears as if you are trying hard to go back to the past, but have not still discovered any royal road."

"Tell this," returned my friend, "to the Arya Samaj notables when you meet them. The present leaders of the College Group include Justice Bakshi Tekchand of the Pakistan High Court and Lala Khushalchand Khursand, Editor of *Milap*; while the Gurukul champion is the veteran Mahashaya Krishna, Editor of *Pratap*.

"You have already met the sons of these doughty editors. Virendra's articles in the *Pratap* or those of Yash in the *Milap*, will hardly give you the idea that they are fanatical Arya Samajists. But then the young will have their own life, and will not stop on the path of Utopia where their fathers did."

"You are right," I said, "has not the poet said, 'the child is Father of the Man'?"

XII

" One of these days," suggested my companion, "you must visit the Islam College. Behind its facade, we shall be able to study another important organisation, the *Anjuman-e-Hidayat-e-Islam.*"

" Sounds interesting," I replied. " Tell me more."

" The Anjuman," he continued, " is over half a century old. Early in the eighties of the last century, Sir Syed Ahmed Khan made a memorable tour here, to collect funds and to attract students for the Aligarh College. The response was quite good. Incidentally, it also set people thinking. A few well to do families could afford to send their sons to Aligarh. What about the middle-class students ? Why not have a similar institution here—another Aligarh ? Some enthusiasts came forward and the *Anjuman-e-Hidayat-e-Islam* was formed. Soon after, the Islamia School was founded and later it expanded into a College. Meanwhile, the Anjuman was also supporting a number of *madrassas* as well. It published also, several useful Urdu school text-books, which for years brought in a goodly income."

" I suppose the sons of Muslim aristocrats, now attend the Islamia College ?" I asked.

" Well, no. The College is the stronghold of the middle-class students. The ' better families ' generally prefer the more imposing Government College or even the Chief's College."

" Do many students still go to Aligarh from here ?"

" Yes, quite a number, but not so many as before. Sir Sikandar is an Aligarh Old Boy. So also is his Private Secretary, Hakim Ahmed Shujah, who was

both his room-mate and class-mate. The Hakim Saheb however, was not exactly a favourite with Dr. Ziauddin Ahmed, the Aligarh boss, and so had to leave, graduating from another College in Meerut. The present Principal of the Islamia College, Dr. Umar Hyat Malik, a Cambridge wrangler, is also a brilliant Aligarh boy.

"What about the Staff of the College?"

"Generally speaking, it is no better and no worse than that of other similar institutions. But there have been distinguished scholars connected with the College at one time or the other. Mr. A. Yusuf Ali, after his retirement from the I.C.S., has twice officiated as Principal."

"Has the College a large endowment?"

"Far from it," was the reply. Financially, it has not been in a very happy position. But Iqbal has done a lot for it. Every year, at a special function, he made it a practice to recite his new compositions. In poetry-made Pakistan, thousands of lovers of Iqbal would gather at the Badshahi Mosque and outside, to listen to the great poet recite his newest poems. An audience of 30,000 to 50,000 was not very unusual. Thus were read, for the first time, *Shikwah*, *Shama o Shayar* and other masterpieces of Iqbal. Thousands of rupees would be collected by way of donations at the time. The amount helped to make up the deficit in the Anjuman's educational budget.

"A country that thus honours its poets," I said. "deserves all the good fortune that can come its way."

XIII

I was talking to a miscellaneous group of friends. We discussed a variety of subjects. In the course of

discussion, one of them remarked :

"You will miss Dr. Satyapal during your present visit for he is now in Hindustan. Perhaps you already know all about him. For years, he was the President of the Pakistan Congress. An eloquent mass speaker, a confirmed jail-bird and a tireless worker, he was quite a popular figure over here.

"The Congress was a house divided against itself. Satyapal was the leader of one section. There was little progress in work and instead a feeling of ineffectiveness. He was overtaken by a growing sense of frustration. Then came the climax. Satyapal startled everybody by retiring from public life, not without a number of ungenerous quips, against his erstwhile colleagues. But he went further, joined the official Medical Service and took up an appointment with the Army. The rebel had renounced rebellion. What a finale to an eventful and exciting career......"

The speaker stopped short. Indignation was struggling with affection in his voice. Advisedly, I changed the topic.

XIV

"You had promised to give me," I said, "a complete programme of my stay in Pakistan. What about it ?"

"We have planned it in such a manner," my friend replied, "that you are able to obtain a good insight into our problems. We are proposing that you visit various places as far apart as Campbellpur District in the North, the home of Sir Sikandar and Rohtak in the South, the home of Sir Chhotu Ram."

"This is fine," I exclaimed. "It is almost symbolical. For these two statesmen from the North and the South, are really the twin guardian angels of Pakistan."

"As I was saying," he continued, "we shall be visiting among other centres, Amritsar, the Canal Colonies, especially Lyallpur, Rawalpindi, the glorious ruins of Taxila, the Punja Saheb at Hasan Abdal, associated with the name of Guru Nanak, even Peshawar if you like. Then back again to Lahore and Amritsar."

"Why Amritsar again ?"

"Amritsar, apart from the Golden Temple and the not so golden Jallianwala Baug, is the commercial metropolis of Pakistan."

"Did you say, commercial metropolis ?" I asked, "What about industry and labour ?"

"Industrialisation here is still quite young and so is the proletariat. Our industrialists moreover, believe in high dividends and low wages. But you will be better able to discuss all these topics with trade union workers in Amritsar itself."

"What about the rest of the programme?" I enquired.

"From Amritsar we can proceed to the Doaba Districts of Jullundhar and Hoshiarpur, the land of the two rivers, the Sutlej and the Bias. It is one of the most fertile tracts in the country and politically also very wide awake. You will meet peasants in the villages, back from the United States who will speak with you in American and still others back from Argentine, in Spanish. Since we will spend a good deal of our time in the rural areas, you will be able to study for yourself the working and effects of various legislative enactments affecting the peasantry."

"Could you specify some of these legislative measures?",

"Yes. For example, the amended Land Alienation Act, the Debt Relief Acts, Registration of Moneylenders Act, measures affecting the marketing of agricultural produce and so on. These were passed in the teeth of opposition of the urban moneylending interests. These measures, of course, had obvious shortcomings, just patch-work, but one sometimes got the feeling that certain vested interests wanted to stop all progress."

"I should like to have copies of these Acts. It will be most interesting to hear what the kisans have to say about them—both about the measures as well as about the opposition of the urban interests."

"As you like. We may also, if you are willing, visit a typical decaying small town like Nur Mahal, the junction of a small meter-gauge railway. Once it lay on the road from Delhi to Lahore and was a most flourishing place. The Empress Nur Jehan, after whom it takes its name, built a well-known Caravanserai here. The Serai was so famous and the visitors were so generously served, that its hospitality became proverbial. Even to this day you come across: "Is this Nur Mahal's Serai that you expect such-a-such thing here?" To-day, half the houses in this place are in ruins, with debris lying everywhere, with scarcely any trace of its former prosperity. The contrast between comparatively better off villages and small decaying townlets, cannot fail to be interesting."

I naturally expressed my warmest gratitude for all the trouble these friends were taking to make my trip to Pakistan interesting.

XV

"You remember," my friend said, "that to-morrow morning you are breakfasting with Mrs. Freida Bedi."

"I am looking forward to it very much. I hear she is a remarkable person. Where does she stay?"

"In Model Town, some distance from here."

"Model Town," I said, "what is that?"

"It is a garden suburb that has grown up in recent years."

"But why is it called Model Town?"

"You see, it is so new. Mr. and Mrs. Bedi were among the first to go there ......

"Oh, I know what you mean. The Bedis were among the first to go there, and as they are a Model couple, the place came to be known as Model Town. Funny, I did not guess it before.

XVI

My head was now reeling with all this newly acquired information about the politics and personalities of Pakistan. Fortunately, the next engagement was dinner at Prabodh Chandra's. Actually it turned out to be a banquet. Mr. and Mrs. Prabodh had invited quite a number of other friends, including several prominent leaders of the Pakistan Students' Movement. Yash and Kaiser Mustafa and Somprakash Shaida, I had already met. It was a pleasure to meet the others to—Abdulla Butt, the moving spirit of the Pakistan Muslim Students' Federation, Deepak Kamar, Deepak Manmohan, Krishnalal Mehta and Abdul Islam Khurshid among others. Then Lala Pindidas, the insurance magnate, was there, and Abdulla Malek, author of a number of popular tracts. Also Kedernath Sehgal,

Congress leader, who for some mysterious reason always dresses in midnight black. The poet Ehsan bin Danesh was so tickled by this, that he popularised the theme in his *Siyah Posh General.* Also there was the Urdu writer, Khan Kabuli, biographer of Moulana Attaullah Shah Bukhari and the enthusiastic and unassuming Hafiz Abdur Rahim of the *Zam Zam.*

After dinner Comrade Puran Chand Azad took me to the residence of Professor Ram Kumar, the Secretary of Pakistan C.S.P. While chit-chatting there, the tramp of marching policemen was heard. Soon an official accompanied by several others arrived and informed me that I was under arrest. A moment later, he added with a smile that I would be their guest. I had heard it said earlier, that when a policeman approaches you in Pakistan no questions should be asked. So I asked no questions. Besides, what was there to ask ? Had not the officer himself volunteered the information that I was to be the guest of Pakistan ?

Shortly afterwards we arrived at the Gwalmandi Police Station. The kindly officer and his men left me in a room. I was too tired and sleepy to examine the guest-room of the Pakistan Government minutely. The next day being Sunday I was produced before the Duty Magistrate, Sardar Iqbal Singh and remanded to jail custody. Ten days later, Malik Tek Chand Vij, First Class Magistrate, recognizing and appreciating my intense desire to study the civilization of Pakistan issued instructions that I should be kept as a guest of the Government for six rigorous months in the hospitable premises of the Lahore Central Jail, under the personal care of its Superintendent, Major Habibulla

Shah. In accordance also with the approved oriental custom, he imposed a *Nazrana* of Rs. 500 on me, no doubt that I may feel at ease and not worry about putting the Pakistan Government to so much expense. Evidently, the learned Magistrate was guided by the famous lines of Iqbal:

Whoso would master the sun and the stars,
Let him make himself a prisoner of Law!

VI

INSIDE A PAKISTAN JAIL

'Yeh bhi kaidi ho gayā ākhir kamand men zulfonki
Lè aseeron men terè Azad shāmil ho gayā'

(ABUL KALAM AZAD)

I

AS I entered the outer gate of the Lahore Central Jail, to my right was a board prominently displayed showing particulars about the Jail population. The number was 2,565. This meant that this prison carried a larger total than any in the Bombay Presidency. Normally Yeravda Jail has 1,500 inmates, while the other central prisons have round about 1,200. This was not all. Another detail that gripped my attention was the number condemned to death—which stood at 83. This struck me as most unusual for on our side it would be somewhere between three and four. What a wealth of sociological information this Board carried and concealed !

This comparison rather perplexed me. Could it be that there was more crime and more criminals in Pakistan than in the Bombay Presidency ? The very idea seemed absurd. How could this be so in such a model state ? The only sound conclusion was that the Pakistan police was more efficient in tracking down offenders. Or was it because Pakistan jurisprudence was following the well-known advice in Gilbert and Sullivan's play, of punishment being made to fit the crime ? Or perhaps the smaller numbers of Bombay may be due to old man Gandhi's proximity, as his Change-of-Heart theory by definitely helping to keep

down numbers, adversely affects the total of jail population.

Before I was through the Inner Gate I noticed several convicts in huge yellow turbans. These I learnt, were the Habituals. The habituals are those who have honoured the Jail more than once with their presence. In Bombay, the Habituals are given black caps, the yellow being reserved for long-term convicts.

After my name, address, designation, etc., were carefully noted down and luggage looked into, I was escorted through the Inner Gate to the Tower or Ghanta Ghar. The first view, as the massive doorway opened was pleasant, shrubs and trees and even the beginnings of an improvised lawn breaking the stern monotony of the prison walls.

Near the Ghanta Ghar, another convict munshi took down all the particulars afresh into another register. After this I was led a long way off to that section which is called "Bomb Ghar."

II

"Bomb Ghar," I repeated to myself aloud and was conscious of a feeling of romantic pleasure. At first, I thought the Yard to which I was being conducted was made of bombs, instead of bricks. In these days of high prices, bricks cost money, while the bombs cost nothing; for the efficient Pakistan police tracked them down so unerringly, so frequently and in such adequate quantities, as to ensure a regular and uninterrupted supply. Nevertheless, in order to make conversation, I enquired from the formidable looking warder who accompanied me, as to why the place was called "Bomb Ghar."

"Because," he replied, "dangerous terrorist prisoners have been kept there for over many years."

My initial feeling of disappointment at the reply was quickly replaced by another. The prospect of meeting a number of dangerous terrorists single-handed and at evening time, was not exactly calculated to improve my spirits. But then there was no help for it. I had heard that presence of mind often works wonders, and so I resolved to appear as calm and as cool as the circumstances would allow.

The cordiality however, with which I was received into the yard, introduced a more pleasant strand into my thinking. Everyone was most friendly and helpful. A room was provided for me and several of them helped to arrange my things. Before long, I felt, I belonged to this new world.

Our Yard consisted of twenty cells in one continuous line, with a break in between. There were ten rooms, then in the break was the kitchen and then again ten rooms. There was in the compound also the *Karkhana* or the workshop, where the politicals were expected to do their daily jail task. A little lawn in front of the workshop made by the prisoners themselves, was a welcome feature. The Yard also boasted of a small recreation court and a kitchen garden.

My room—No. 6—in the Yard, measured 12 ft. by 7½ ft. It was barred by a stout door with strong bars. Beyond it was a small closed-in-space, an extension of the room as it were, but with the whole frontage enclosed by similar iron bars. A communicating door led to the open space outside. It was a perfect cage; many similar ones we see in the Zoo. It must be in

some such surroundings as this, that the poet had cried :

> " Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage," etc.

After all, the points of similarity between a Jail and a Zoo are numerous. The one can boast of as varied a menagerie as the other. The Superintendent of a Zoo also rather resembles the Superintendent of a Jail; the one deals in the law of the jungle, the other in a jungle of even more ancient laws, which in polite language is called the Jail Manual.

Mine was a usual prison-room, whitewashed walls, no windows, ventilators high up on the wall, almost near the ceiling. Weather evidently had no say in this. A prison was designed to deter, not to reform. Prison walls and prison-rooms must therefore remain eloquent expressions of this philosophy. The influence of climate on architecture and building construction is an interesting topic by itself. But with the retributive factor still supreme in criminal jurisprudence, prison architects are not such soft-headed people as to risk their jobs by thinking of anything as silly and irrelevant as the convenience of prison inmates.

III

It was not long before I was initiated into the intricacies of prison life in Pakistan. We were a small company when I arrived, fourteen in all, half of them being " terrorists "—who were, however, some of the gentlest and quietest persons I have come across anywhere. One of them Sardar Gulab Singh, undergoing a life sentence, was the " Manager " of our Yard, and a really

nice and obliging man. The other "lifers" were Malik Kundanlal, Kishorilal, Rupchand and Hansraj. My two immediate neighbours were Moulana Syed Habib, the distinguished editor of the daily *Siyasat* on one side and Rupchand, a "terrorist" on the other. And what a strange terrorist indeed! A person so shy and quiet that he would hardly speak to any one until spoken to!

Maulana Syed Habib was the elder statesman of our Prison Yard. A person of a strong and aggressive personality, in him great capacity was wedded to an obstinate temperament. Learned in Islamic religion and history and author of several books, he is a forceful speaker and one of the foremost journalists in Urdu. He was one of the leaders of the Shahid-gunj Mosque agitation. For years he maintained influential contact with politics in Afghanistan. He is the type of poiltician who can adorn the Opposition Front Bench in any legislative body anywhere. But in an unusually chequered and variegated political career, with plenty of turns and shifts in it, he has made many powerful enemies, which number includes the Pakistan Premier. Years in jail have wrecked his health. In prison he was very companionable with a live and ready sense of humour. Also very prayerful, offering *Namaz* seven times each day, instead of the customary five.

But our numbers soon started increasing. I particularly remember the day on which Chowdhry Krishna Gopal Dutt, Brij Krishna Chandiwala and Onkarnath were transferred to this Jail. Brij Krishnaji of Delhi was that rare thing—a genuine Gandhi devotee. Quiet, unassuming, a saint in personal life, he commanded a respect that was not unmixed with a great deal of affection. I had known him for many years. Meeting

some one you like is a pleasure anywhere, but nowhere so much as in new and strange surroundings.

His company was also very much in demand, for another very good reason. He ate neither sugar nor salt, nor any foodstuffs containing them! And as the supply of such commodities is not unlimited even in Pakistan Jails, there was general competition to be in his good books. My fellow prisoners sometimes wondered at the special favour shown to me—well here's the recipe of success. I usually started a highly ethical discussion on Non-violence, praised the Constructive Programme, threw in a compliment or two for Mahatma Gandhi on the more difficult days and tactfully ended by talking about the uneaten sugar or the unused salt!

Choudhary Krishna Gopal Dutt was Deputy Leader of the Opposition in Parliament, and therefore a big noise in Pakistan. But he struck no leaderly attitudes. He lived like a bird, happy and carefree, full of laughter and jokes and very much in the spirit of:

'Life is worth living

When we are mirth giving

Why can't I give some to you?'

With him nearby, time did not pass, it put on wings.

Outside politics (and sometimes business) his two chief interests are curiously enough, Iqbal's Poetry and Homoeopathy. It is not safe to criticise, much less to run down either in his presence, until one wants to see the Prince Charming in a blaze of indignation. Iqbal he quotes at all times, with or without the least provocation. And as for Homoeopathy, so great is his

passion for it, that when in Europe and America he refused to visit any of the show-places, which are the delight of countless tourists from far and near—monuments which are hallowed by history and art, but would instead spend all his time in meeting leading homoeopaths or scanning their photographs, with an interest that few indeed bestow on even the masterpieces in the British Museum or the Louvre. Fortunately his competence in Homoeopathy is as great as his enthusiasm. And his generosity is equally great, for not being a professional practitioner, he charges neither for advice nor for medicine. But before prescribing, his examination of the patient is both medical and aesthetic. And woe to the patient if he cannot quote from half a dozen poets at least!

With Krishna Gopal Dutt came Onkarnath, Delhi Congress leader. Before he was a day old in Jail, he knew every one and had made friends with everybody. Social to his finger tips, generous to a fault, full of schemes to reform the world, he became a general favourite. To gain his good-will one had only to praise Industrial Museums, and the trick was done, especially the one in Delhi which he had founded.

Govind Sahai was another welcome addition. He had been Private Secretary to Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, Minister of Revenue, in the days of the Congress Government in the United Provinces. This time he was actually on his way to Kashmir on a holiday. He had stopped at Lahore for a day to see some friends. It so happened that there was a public meeting on that day, and he was pressed to say a few words. He expressed such ardent admiration for the ways of the Government, that as soon as he had returned to his place, he

was brought back to Pakistan and kept in the Central Jail for six months, with the laudable intention of giving his admiration sufficient time to mature.

A few days later, from the Mayo Hospital came Kulbir Singh, the bearer of a charmed name in Pakistan. Eleven years ago his elder brother, Bhagat Singh was hanged, three furlongs away from our quarters. To-day eighty miles from here, his younger brother, Kultar Singh, another jail-bird, lies imprisoned. He himself, still in his twenty-fifth year of life, looks a pathetic picture of a once powerfully built youth, now broken up under the assault of disease contracted in prison, but not still diagnosed. The silent walls of various prisons of Lyallpur, Montgomery, Multan, Rawalpindi, Deoli and Lahore, if they could but speak, would tell the story of how the handsome and well-knit frame of Kulbir came to assume its present form. But the body has failed to subdue the vigour of the mind, and one can catch him splitting with laughter or sit up in the midst of pain to tell a good story. And now and again through the remains of an ingratiating smile one can still discern the working of an indomitable spirit and of great personal magnetism allied to an even greater shyness. And with what a range of information he talks!

IV

Pakistan has plenty of historical monuments and some of the most precious among them are within the precincts of the Jail. They are not hoary with age, for history has only visited them lately. There is the barrack in which Lala Lajpatrai was imprisoned; there

are the gibbets on which the living body of Bhagat Singh and his two companions, Sukhdev and Rajguru, paid the debt that yesterday owes to to-morrow; there is the huge printing press confiscated from Moulana Zafar Ali Khan, which once printed the defiant and burning articles and manifestoes of the then *Zamindar* and now issues lifeless Government stationery; there is the famous well whose water Maharaja Ranjit Singh loved so much and which today serves the entire jail population.

V

One of the " terrorist " prisoners with me was Malik Kundanlal, undergoing a life sentence. We used to talk now and again, till one day he opened out his heart.

" It is years," he said, speaking reminiscently, " since I and my companions were jailed. I was only 19 years old then. To-day, I am thirty-one and there is still plenty of time to go. Youth is almost gone. Our health is no longer what it used to be, for some years in the C class and the shadow of several hunger-strikes has fallen upon it. The world we knew is dead. If even we come out, do you think we will know the new world and fit into it ? Meanwhile we are here, patient and resigned, but yet strong in spirit. Sometimes the words of the poet come to mind forcefully :

"By all forgot
We rot and rot."

On such occasions we make up by an extra effort at cheerfulness."

The charges on which these friends were convicted have become dim in memory, their own ideas have

matured and flowered, the freedom movement has marched on capturing many fresh bastions on the way, and methods of political work have changed. New ideas have come to occupy the stage. What has not changed, however, is the old philosophy of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

VI

While we were thus leading very happy days in Jail, subversive elements outside were plotting to give a hard time to the beneficent Pakistan Government. The merchant princes not content with declaring a General Strike on the issue of the Sales Tax, and shutting up all the shops and paralysing all business, now decided upon Satyagraha, presumably to coerce, if not to subvert the Government by law established. There was little doubt, that the mischief-makers had been greatly emboldened by the Hon'ble Sir Chhotu Ram's leniency and angelic patience.

The Hartal had been on for nearly a month and was making headlines in the newspapers of several countries. And now Satyagraha was launched with a bang.

On its very first day, Lala Biharilal Channa, the President of the Pakistan Beopari Mandal, led a batch of 100 Satyagrahis, followed in procession by a crowd estimated to be 1,00,000 strong. The arrest of ninety-five of these Satyagrahis was followed by wild scenes of enthusiasm.

On the second day, the clean-shaven Moulana Akhtar Ali Khan, son of Moulana Zafar Ali Khan, led the second batch of 118, who were all taken into protective custody, amidst similar plaudits of the multitude.

The long suffering authorities, at last decided (in pure self-defence, of course) to give these beoparis a taste of realities. Firm action in the firmest sense was taken immediately. There was Black Out at nights, and Throw Out by days. The hospital population instantly showed a marked tendency to increase and the medical fraternity worked longer hours.

But all this, strange to relate, far from acting as a deterrent, only fed the flames of agitation. The Satyagraha spread to all parts of Pakistan. In a few days, arrests at Lahore alone exceeded 2,000. The Beopari Mandal announced that it had already enrolled over 20,000 Satyagrahis. One of the Millionaire merchants—Baba Gurumukh Singh of Amritsar made a public offer to any trader, who was adversely affected by the continuous suspension of business, to take the salary of his staff and other overhead expenses from him. Landlords vied with each other in fore-going the rents of the shops on Hartal. Free kitchens (called in Pakistan 'lungar') were opened in many towns. Sir Chhotu Ram's Miracle was threatening to become a veritable nightmare.

VII

Our own lives in Jail were profoundly affected by the "sinister machinations of the Lalas," as one official very appropriately described the upsurge. For one thing they crowded all the Jails to suffocation. For utter lack of accommodation, a very large number of tents had to be pitched. For once, I am bound to say, the Government showed guts—it put these merchant princes and their companions into the C class. It is interesting to note that among them were persons who

paid so many thousands a year in Income Tax. One of them paid Rs. 80,000 annually and with us was one who paid Rs. 1,20,000 a year as Income and Super Tax. Several had subscribed large sums to the War Fund. But Pakistan Government is no respector of persons. The total of prison inmates increased by leaps and bounds and the hard-worked Jail officials, worked harder still.

A number of their ring-leaders, as luck would have it, were arrested under the Defence of India Rules and so were lodged in our yard—the Bomb Ghar. These were to be indefinitely detained, as against the rest in the C class, who were being prosecuted. They were all kept *en masse* in the Karkhana. There was Baba Gurumukh Singh, who had created quite a sensation by his offer of large financial contributions to further the Hartal; Lala Dhaniram Bhalla, (of "Bhala Shoe, Welcomes You"), the rich and aged Sardar Jagat Singh Kwatra, who had been brought to jail in handcuffs looking a pretty picture in his milk-white flowing beard; Janab Mohomed Din and Arshad Husain, Beli Shah and Kailash Chandra Bhargava; the Japan-returned millionaire Lala Ramachandra, who alone had the solitary distinction of being removed to the Lahore Fort. Outside and beyond our Yard were some of the other leaders of the movement—Lala Dwarkadas, Lala Kirpa Ram, Lala Kundanlal Lamba, Gulam Haider Butt, to mention only a few of the many important names of the industrial magnates of Pakistan.

Along with them came Baba Gani. He holds the Jail Record of Pakistan—this was his 25th term of imprisonment! Why he was brought in, it is not easy to tell, for he is by no stretch of imagination a beopari

and is hardly the sort who will break his heart over the Sales Tax. But he is, wherever there is " struggle," —the type that believes that the virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize.

We were all congratulating Baba Gani on the Silver Jubilee of his Jail-going. Some one remarked. " Baba Gani, you have now become a leader."

" Me a leader !" he exclaimed, " that is nonsense. To become a leader Three Things are indispensable, and I do not possess even one."

" Three things," some one asked, " what are they?"

" The three Bs of course," said Baba Gani.

" The three Bs ! You are becoming quite mysterious. What are the three Bs ?"

" Very obvious," was the reply, " They are—Bungalow, Begum and Buick. To become a leader one must make sure of these three."

Everyone clapped hands in glee. " Well, Baba, said one, " we wish you all the luck and all the three Bs."

VIII

One day I was reading Asoka Mehta's little tract entitled "*India Comes of Age*," a piece of economic research that has in it the stuff of a Ph.D. Thesis. Who should walk into my room at that time, but Lala Dhaniram Bhalla, who among the merchant Satyagrahis had struck me as a very interesting type. I rather liked him. He had all the marks of a self-made man, who had climbed to riches, but had not been corrupted by its power and glamour. One could see that he retained a great deal of his original simplicity and companionableness.

He took Asoka's little study from my hands and I told him that it was a brief and lucid analysis of the concentration of Capital in Indian industry. As I was anxious to find out how things stood in Pakistan, I cross-examined Bhallaji at some length. To my surprise, I discovered that his own family, provided the instance *par excellence* that I was searching for. Here is a brief summary of the financial adventures of the Bhallas in Pakistan.

Dhaniram Bhalla:	Managing Director, Bhalla Shoe Company, (900 agencies. Production 100,000 pairs a day, all requisitioned for war purposes). Founder Director, Traders' Bank, Director of City Bank, Director Bajwara Bank.
Yodharaj Bhalla :	Secretary, Punjab National Bank.
Balraj Bhalla :	Managing Director, City Bank.
Shivraj Bhalla :	Managing Director Traders' Bank.
Jagraj Bhalla :	Managing Director, Punjab Co-operative Bank.
Jasraj Bhalla :	Managing Director, Bari Doab Bank.
Harkishanlal Bhalla:	Director, Traders' Bank.

This list is not exhaustive, but merely illustrative, the details of other Directorships are left out on purpose. So here is some material for Asoka Mehta for the next edition of his tract.

IX

One evening we heard that Shorish Kashmiri has been transferred from the Montgomery Prison to Lahore. I could see an excitement of anticipation in my companions, for Shorish had quite a reputation. He was General Secretary of the All-India Majlis-e-Ahrar; he was said to be along with Moulana Ataullah Shah Bukhari and Munshi Ahmed Din, the foremost orator in Pakistan, a poet and writer of promise as well. Evidently the Pakistan Government was not an admirer of his style of speaking, for he had repeatedly been in Jail—and his present sentence was of five years rigorous imprisonment! He had already completed nearly three, with disastrous results to his health.

Round about nine at night, there walked into our Yard a very tall and lanky youth, clean shaven, and very boyish looking. He must be in his middle twenties.

Shorish is that type of person who believes in one crowded hour of glorious life being worth an age without a name. He acts on impulse, seldom on second thoughts. Enthusiastic, sincere, highly sensitive and talkative, like the proverbial poet he is a creature of moods. He has strong likes and strong dislikes. Also an amazing memory. Some one told me that what in Urdu poetry he does not know by heart, is not worth knowing. His coming brightened up the atmosphere.

Shorish often talked about his other Ahrar friends. Of Moulana Habibur Rehman, now in his seventies, his health completely wrecked by continuous jail and C class, but having the heart of a lion; of Moulana Ataullah Shah Bukhari and his innumerable oratorical

exploits; of how the Moulana would commence addressing a public meeting at ten in the night, and finish at two or even three in the early morning, the audience sitting spell-bound all the time; of Moulana Mazhar Ali Azhar, overcoming a thousand difficulties and keeping up a fight on several fronts, writing, speaking, admonishing and straining to keep the organisation going. Of several other colleagues too, but about none so feelingly as Choudhary Atzal Huq, whose death had been an irreparable blow to the Ahrar Movement.

For a brief interval there drifted into our Yard another happy warrior, Moulana Mohomed Husain, a man of astonishing sacrifice and courage. Acquainted with political and social developments in various countries, especially in the Islamic countries of the Near and Middle East, he had quite a fund of revealing anecdotes. Among the books with him were several by his friend, Syed Abdul Ala Maududi, the high priest of a newer and more seductive theology, painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and calling upon the Faithful to return to a revivified Islam. Mohomed Husain was one of those who belonged to the charmed circle, though his politics were different.

Moreover, he had spent a large fortune on public activities, and spent it all, without a thought for his family. Imprisoned again and again, he was brought to Lahore, only to be told that his daughter was seriously ill and faced with a major operation, whose result was unpredictable. A father's love, suppressed anxiety and the utter helplessness of his position, tore at his heart. But his fortitude won the admiration of all.

Then there was Sahar Gul Khan. A fiery Pathan with ferocious moustaches, he had the heart of a child, a caustic sense of humour and a peasant shrewdness that was more than a match for city sophistication. Though an ardent Socialist, the sight of any of his comrades pouring over books used to fill him with scorn. He often threatened direct action against the "book-worms." And he was an eloquent instance of what tricks Jail life plays with people's constitutions. He had joined in the famous Hunger Strike at the Deoli Detention Camp led by Jayaprakash, and continued to pay a heavy price for the victory. He used to get such violent fits that even a dozen of us were not able to hold him down. Oh, Politics! Where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?

X

Meanwhile the Merchants' Satyagraha was being conducted with the utmost resolution and all the Premier's Horses and all the Premier's Men were unable to circumscribe it. Matters reached a crisis, when even women appeared on the scene in their hundreds, marching in processions. The lathis came into play, and numerous arrests became a daily feature.

Even pressmen became restless and three of them had to be taken into custody—Virendra of the daily *Pratap*; A. C. Bali of *Tribune*, and Hukumchand of the *Associated Press*. The authorities, faced with a critical situation, were simply helpless in the matter; for these otherwise fine gentlemen had betrayed an unpardonable lack of good taste. One may well ask what business is it of respectable journalists to go nosing about at a lathi-charge? Could they not

instead have more fruitfully gone to some Hon'ble Ministers' press conference or some administration leaders' Tea Party and gathered all the facts there? (not to speak of refreshments). The behaviour of these three well-known journalists was a clear breach of journalistic etiquette.

And yet when the news of their arrest became known, the Pakistan journalists kicked up such a row, that one would have thought that the Heavens had come down. A meeting was actually held, appropriately enough, in the office of that famous daily newspaper, the Not-So-Civil-But-Very-Military-*Gazette*, which apart from its revolutionary views is very well edited. And what was the result? A very democratic government responsive to every quiver in public opinion, yielded to this entirely misplaced agitation. Not only were the three offending journalists released, but the minister-in-charge expressed regrets on the floor of the Parliament House. Such incidents shake one's faith in the wisdom of the Press, which has been called the Fourth Estate of the Realm and in the infallibility of the Newspaper Editors' Conference.

XI

On my very first day in the Lahore prison, I learnt that one of the chief Khaksar leaders was among my jailmates. I hastened to make his acquaintance. My mind had already conjured up a perfect picture of what a Khaksar would look like: Six feet tall, fiery eyes, challenging beard, thundering voice. Imagine therefore, my amazement when I was confronted with a beardless youth, rather shy, delicately built and meeting you with charming politeness. I subdued my

astonishment to the point of making sure that I had made no mistake about his identity.

Basheer Ahmed Siddique, for that was his name, hailed from the North-West Frontier Province and occupied a very high place in the Khaksar hierarchy. Sincerely religious and of a quiet disposition he was possessed of a great courage. To us he appeared to be more like a sheep in wolf's clothing. If the Khaksar movement initially made such progress, it was not due to the numerous swash bucklers and their vituperative thunder, but to men like Basheer, who give the best they have and give willingly and even in moments of high tension do not forget their essential humanity.

A few weeks later, another Khaksar leader was brought to our yard—Khan Khushal Khan. He was a man of the world, intelligent and shrewd and ready to smile or give a blow as the occasion may demand. Also a man of strong opinions and an interesting type.

With us there were three sturdy Sikh soldiers, who had been arrested in Hong Kong and brought all the way to Lahore for detention. When the news of the fall of Hong Kong and Singapore came, what astonishment was written on their face! "Incredible", they breathlessly exclaimed, "how could such impregnable fortresses fall so quickly and so cheaply. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

There were two other terrorists, each having a sentence of four years; a trade unionist, who was brought in for obstructing war effort, when he himself maintained that he wanted nothing so much as to facilitate it; Om Prakash, the enthusiastic secretary of the Gujranwalla District Congress Committee; Sardar

Sajjan Singh, a prominent public worker, and an assiduous fighter for civil liberties. And therefore not likely to be a favourite with the police of any country!

What a rich cross-section of life a jail represents! With me as fellow companions were Ahrars and Khaksars, both as far apart in politics, as it is possible for two groups to be. Also Congress leaders, kisan workers, millionaire merchant princes, penniless labour organisers, enterprising "terrorists," learned moulanas, well-known journalists, poets and writers, members of Parliament. What an interesting medley of conflicting opinion! Where else in the wide world would one come across such a remarkable collection of persons except in a Pakistan Jail! Often the only thing common between the various persons apart from their broken health, was that they had been put into prison by the same watchful government! And the administration always having public interest first in mind, ever keeps a watch over these trouble-makers and their sinister activities and at the very first opportunity, gives them what they fully deserve—Arrest, Trial, Jail and often Arrest and Jail.

XII

In Pakistan Jails a very mysterious Register is maintained, called the Black List. It must always be alluded to in whispers. For while every one knows it is there, no jail official would even dream of admitting its existence. In its highly confidential pages are given the names of all those dangerous and terrible individuals, who must not be allowed to interview any politicals in any jail. The list is as comprehensive as it is catholic in its taste—it includes the names of

prominent political workers of every shade of advanced opinion—even the Muslim League leader, Malik Barkat Ali is not excluded. Every caste and creed is impartially represented in it, so is almost every trade and profession. Jeevanlal Kapoor, a leading light of the Bar—the honorary friend of the politically prosecuted, even his name is there.

Actually there is great competition in Pakistan to get one's name into the Black List. For it is taken to be an official recognition of one's political effectiveness. Besides in these democratic days, when it is not always discreet to accept Government honours and titles, because of the subversive activities of certain organisations like the Congress, it is no little psychological satisfaction to raise up one's hand and say: "I hold the Order of the Black List."

How is this list compiled? I was reliably informed, that it was done in the following manner: A high C.I.D. officer, selects several hundred sinister sounding names at random (from the Telephone Directory, etc., etc.). Then they are all shuffled into a capacious basket, especially made for the purpose. Finally, the lots are drawn usually by a retired Judge of the High Court, who is blind-folded, since Justice is supposed to be unseeing. How many names that august dignitary is to draw in the lot, is decided by the Council of Ministers at a Special Session of the Cabinet called for the purpose. Their decision is of course, made in accordance with the well-known laws of political demand and supply.

How does one find out whether one's name is in the Black List? By just applying to the Superinten-

dent of the nearest jail for interview with any political prisoner. If the request is refused, well you know what luck has befriended you.

XIII

One of the most prized amenities in jail, was a good radio set in our Yard. It was a gift from the Trustees of the *Tribune.* Never was a gift so thoughtfully made or so joyfully received. We were only permitted to tune in the Pakistan and the various Hindustan Stations and the B.B.C. programmes. But we were so thankful for it. It was such a thrill each day to hear the familiar voice and the familiar incantation "A.I.R. Calling" or "London Calling." The Pakistan Government and especially, Sir Manoharlal, the Minister-in-Charge of the Prisons portfolio, deserve to be warmly congratulated.

XIV

Suddenly a new excitement flared up in the legal world of Pakistan. The judicial dovecotes were in a tremendous flutter. The cause of all the uproar was that ever restless spirit—K. L. Gauba.

Gauba is what the Americans would call a muck-raker. Some years ago he wrote a book to prove that *Uncle Sam* was really *Uncle Sham.* And all because a genteel American lady, called Katherine Mayo, wrote a book called *Mother India.* Then he wrote another book on their Highnesses of Hindustan, to prove that their Highnesses were not as High, as people imagined them to be. What was the use of all this? Why break the glamour of the Maharajas in this icono-

elastic age ? Whom would it help ? But who was to explain all this to the irascible Mr. Gauba ?

His energy seems to be boundless, for he produced yet another book, with the intriguing title : *The New Magna Carta.* It was taken to be a skilful attack on the Pakistan High Court and especially on its Chief Justice, Sir Douglas Young.

But this time, he properly put his foot into it. Their Lordships were not going to take it lying down as Uncle Sam or even Their Highnesses had done. He was arraigned for Contempt of Court. Gauba, who is a Barrister as well, conducted his own defence. His contention that the book was for private circulation only and not for sale, did not make any impression. His plea that he should be prosecuted for the substance of the book and for any offending statements made in it, and not for Contempt of Court, did not carry him any further. His further plea that some of the judges against whom allegations were made, should not try his case was also turned down, in accordance with established precedent. Gauba was sentenced to six months imprisonment. He was brought to Lahore Jail though kept apart from us. This precaution was fully justified because in the past he was President of the Pakistan Flying Club.

XV

One fine morning we learnt that following negotiations, the Merchants' Satyagraha was called off. In next to no time, hundreds of prisoners were ordered to be released. No one seemed to know definitely as to what exactly had happened. For the past few days Raja Narendra Nath, Pandit Nekiram Sharma and

other influential leaders were working to bridge the gulf between the Government and the Beopari Mandal, but more than once deadlock had ensued. This development therefore, came rather suddenly. Later it was discovered that while the Government had offered certain concessions, they had not made any definite promises, such as the Beopari Mandal had asked for. This led to tremendous indignation against the leaders among the rank and the file, which felt that it had been betrayed and forced to call off the strike, when it was at the peak. Several sections refused to resume business and the air was filled with recrimination. But the solidarity of the movement once impaired, nothing further could be done. Some of the imprisoned leaders themselves knew not much more than their followers. If there were any, who were parties to the calling off, well, they kept their secret well. Anyhow, so ended one of the most unusual social experiments of our time, and ended in a curious anti-climax.

XVI

News came that my sentence of imprisonment was reduced to the period already undergone. I was asked to be ready to leave in an hour—in half an hour if possible. I felt a wrench at the parting, as the inmates of the little yard collected together to bid me goodbye. A flood of emotion welled up in me as I thought of the happy months I had spent with them—of an association that not long ago seemed so startingly new and unfamiliar and which now appeared not only familiar but even ancient. Soon I was out of the prison in the midst of other friends, on the other side of the Jail-walls.



VII

THE PAKISTAN PARLIAMENT

Here I have but gathered a nosegay of strange flowers, and have put nothing of mine into it, but the thread to bind them.

(MONTAIGNE)

I

TO the Parliament House at last. Standing there in hushed silence, I looked on it with a rapture born of deep yearning, suddenly satisfied. I had similarly watched the Houses of Parliament in London, the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, the Reichstag in Berlin, the Congress in Washington, but nowhere had I experienced anything like the same emotion. For nowhere was a Government that these Parliaments symbolised, so popular or so representative as in Pakistan. So happy is its rule here, so efficient its administration, so impartial its justice, that one could only speak of them in the language of the superlatives. If any comparison is feasible, it can only be with the Government of Akbar the Great. And there is more than mere family resemblance between the two. The chief glory of Akbar's Court was his famous nine Ministers—referred to as the '*Nav Ratans*' the nine jewels. The court of Sir Sikandar also contains precisely nine jewels—if anything, they are even more famous. As every schoolboy knows, they are the six Ministers, and three of the Parliamentary Secretaries.

Very appropriately has that matchless poet of Pakistan, Moulana Zafar Ali Khan, sung in an ecstasy of anticipation :

> "Kio din me yahan phir
> Daur-e-Akbar ane wala hai,
> Sikandar hai Abul Fazl
> Aur Manoharlal, Todarmal."

(Translation)

> "Before long will come here again
> The regime of Akbar (the Great)
> Sikandar is Abul Fazl
> And Manoharlal, Todarmal."

II

One speciality about the Parliament House that meets the eye, is that the antiquated architectural tradition has been replaced by a pleasing modernity. The Pakistan Government decided to have no truck with the class of crude workmen who constructed the Fort, built the Badshahi Mosque or Jehangir's Mausoleum at Shahdara, or for the matter of that, the Taj Mahal itself. They decided to employ only the most modern architects. Of course, they were not unaware of the lamentations of such authorities on Art as E. B. Havell and A. K. Coomarswamy. In their various works they have repeatedly bewailed the gradual extinction of skill born of generations of craftsmanship and the utter neglect of master craftsmen who are allowed to perish for want of patronage—even in the birth-place of this great art tradition. Such criticism was dismissed as fatuous and sentimental, having no relevance or meaning for the ultra-progressive Pakistan State.

III

While Governments in other regions have been labelled communal, Government here is strikingly national. It is even something more—truly international. Consider for example. As soon as some residents of Inglistan discovered that the climate of Pakistan was agreeable, the authorities here welcomed them with open arms; and even appointed them to some of the most important offices of State. So much so, that people were not wanting who declared that Pakistan is being actually ruled by these officers from Inglistan. It was a heavy sacrifice for Inglistan to spare so many of her best sons. But her loss has been Pakistan's evident gain. Who knows how many Churchills and Stafford Crippses and Bernard Shaws lie hidden amongst them? As the poet hath said: "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!"

The benefit to the State has been obvious. One of them who had gone to look for the Pakistan Peasant in Prosperity and Debt, actually discovered Socrates in a Pakistan village. The effects of this epoch-making discovery still remain to be fully appraised, though the Director-General of Archaeology is scarcely able to conceal his excitement at its momentous nature.

Sir Sikandar, however, is never the man to receive such great favours without attempting to make a handsome return. He responded magnificently by lending to the Government of Inglistan the services of two of the most distinguished sons of Pakistan—Sir Mahomed Zafarulla Khan and Sir Firoz Khan Noon, to use in any capacity it thought fit. Needless

to say that the British beneficiaries have not been slow to mark their appreciation of this offer.

But to revert once again to the Parliament, whose membership is, by the by, 175. The biggest Party is the Unionist Party, with 95 members. The Opposition is the Congress Party with a total of 37. There are two other groups of administration supporters. The first is the Khalsa National Party, rather orphaned by the death of Sir Sunder Singh Majithia and the defection of its able Secretary, Sardar Bahadur Sardar Ujjal Singh (who left in disgust when his claims to Ministership were overlooked). The other is the National Progressive Party, which musters five members. But its strength is as the strength of ten, for it includes that financial wizard, Sir Manoharlal, who is believed to be the only politician in Pakistan, who understands the dismal science of Economics.

IV

The Parliament has so many celebrities that the temptation to speak of some of them at any rate, is irresistible, and at the same time most difficult. Nor is it easy to decide with whom to make the beginning. Convention and usage prescribe starting with the Treasury Benches.

The Prime Minister, Sir Sikandar, is famed over the wide world for his noble presence, martial bearing and charming refinement. His large-heartedness is proverbial—he readily forgives everybody except his own opponents. To this valuable quality is added a rare tactfulness—he never gives offence or refuses a request, except when he wants to, and then, invariably

employs the mouth of his devoted Parliamentary understudy, Mir Maqbool Mohomad or his gifted Private Secretary, Hakim Ahmed Shujah.

Then there are a number of anatomical details worthy of notice. The Premier's arm is called the Sword Arm of India. His heart is not always in its right place, but wanders here and there, and sometimes, to where his soldiers are fighting in the far flung battle lines of the "People's War," where they are engaged in such tasks as chasing out the autocratic dictator Reza Shah from the throne of Iran or putting to flight the Baghdadi rebel, Rashid Ali, from the Prime Ministership of Iraq.

* * * *

Sir Chhotu Ram is his Deputy, in effect. One of his principal duties is to present Sir Sikandar with a succession of crown of thorns. The Premier is in the very sad habit of losing them, now and again, and Sir Chhotu Ram keeps one, or even a couple ready for such emergencies, much to the delight of his chief. These crowns are famous throughout Pakistan, and are appropriately named. One of these is called the *Urban Bogey*, another *Bdnia Mentality*, while the latest and the most famous is called *Chhoturam's Beopari Miracle.*

Sir Chhotu is credited in well informed circles with being the greatest Kisan leader of Pakistan. *Onlooker*, the well-known columnist of the *Tribune* records that "Sir Chhotu Ram's pillow is wet every morning with the tears he sheds for the peasant." The school of politics Sir Chhotu Ram leads, consists in getting money from the rich and votes from the

poor. The money from the rich comes from measures like the Sales Tax, and votes from the poor by shedding tears for the Peasant.

Two facts about him stand out—he is a strong man and has plenty of guts, though tact is not among his weak points. Of his organising capacity, there never is any doubt. These enable him, despite a following of only a dozen, to ride the state like a new Collossus.

Sir Chhotu Ram's energies during recent years have been absorbed by another problem that is destined to leave its mark on history. The ancient Greeks divided the world between the Greeks and the Barbarians. Sir Chhotu Ram divides it between the Jats and the Barbarians. But let it be said at once, that to the non-Jats in the Unionist Party, he extends a graciousness, that is proof of large catholicity. Another refreshing division he makes is between the Urbans and the Rurals. Actually, the whole basis of difference in Pakistan politics has been between the agriculturists and non-agriculturists. According to Sir Chhotu Ram city-dwellers (with the exception, of course, of himself, his friends and supporters) are a comparatively degenerate lot, without those pristine virtues that are unmistakingly associated with the inhabitants of the rural areas. Sir Chhotu Ram's definition of an agriculturist is not, however, the stale and conventional one to be found in dictionaries. With that bold originality so characteristic of him, he has defined an agriculturist as a person who lives on the profits of land today or whose forbears have been doing so at any time during the past fifty years! The usefulness of the definition is too obvious to need any comment!

What is happening in Pakistan is a Land Revolution of an unprecedented magnitude. Twenty years ago there was scarcely any *Zamindari* yielding three lakhs or more annually. To-day the number has risen appreciably. This is due partly to increased canal irrigation and partly to the efforts of statesmen like Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan and Sir Chhotu Ram. If their regime lasts for another decade or two, there is little doubt that the decadent *Ryotwari* system of peasant proprietors will give place to a healthy *Zamindari* tenure and result in the creation and augmentation of a class of country gentlemen, which will be the pride of Pakistan and the envy of the Talukdars and other big absentee landlords of U.P. and Bengal. The peasant will then rest happily in the knowledge that all his cares and worries have been transferred on to the shoulders of the new landlord. The successful transportation of the *Zamindari* system in Pakistan, while it is definitely crumbling and dying everywhere in the world, will be an achievement that future generations will not easily forget.

* * * *

The Hon'ble Sir Manoharlal, the Minister of Finance and Prisons, looks more like a quiet and scholarly gentleman than a filibustering Secretary of State. A man of outstanding ability, he was elected President of even the Hindustan Economic Conference. Deeply read in books and very likeable, he possesses a large and attractive private library, which includes about 200 books on Socialism. These latter he never reads, for fear that he may begin to understand the subject. Above everything, he has an air of helplessness about

him. He twice favoured us with a visit, during my days in prison. To us, he seemed as much of a prisoner at the Secretariat, as we were in the Central Jail.

* * * *

Major Khizar Hyat Khan, the Minister-in-charge of the Public Works Department, and Local Self-Government is a worthy son of a most worthy father—Nawab Sir Umar Hyat Khan Tiwana, than whom there has not been a more faithful admirer of the British in this part of the world. The father, during his tenure of office in the Council of the Secretary of State in London, took the chess-player Sultan Khan with him, where he won international fame and became the champion of Inglistan. To return this compliment, as it were, the son took over the manners of the English country gentleman. The sporting squire, Khizar Hyat is quite famous for his hounds and hunt.

He is a favourite with the Civil Service and the Permanent Staff at the Secretariat, for with him as Minister, they can have things very much their own way. But if Khizar Hyat takes any particular matter into his head, he has the necessary spirit to overrule the departmental head concerned. On such occasions, which are of course, very infrequent, the staff has learnt to humour the otherwise good natured and easy going Minister.

There are those who maintain that if for any reason Sir Sikandar were to go, the fabulously rich Nawab will step into his shoes. During the excitement of the Merchants' Satyagraha, whispers in influential

quarters said, that if the Cabinet did not reverse its attitude on the Sales Tax, it would be overthrown, and replaced by a new coalition with Khizar Hyat as Prime Minister. But Sir Sikandar proved to be more than a match for all his opponents. And Khizar Hyat did not waver in his loyalty to his chief.

The other two Ministers, Mian Abdul Haye and Sardar Dasaundha Singh hail from Ludhiana. Mian Abdul Haye, Minister for Education, was top lawyer of his town and for several years a member of the Central Legislative Assembly. He is quite a performer in the game of politics and puts his wits to profitable use. A man of distinct taste, he is said to be a fervent admirer of Oscar Wilde.

Sardar Dasaundha Singh was formerly Deputy Speaker of Parliament and now Minister of Development. What he has been exactly developing no one knows. On one occasion at least, during the General Strike against the Sales Tax, he talked of opening cheap grain shops, no doubt with the laudable intention of feeding the millionaire merchants who were on Hartal and thus bringing about a Gandhian change of heart.*

* * * *

Begam Shah Nawaz, a Parliamentary Secretary, is one of the five women members of the Pakistan Parliament. A daughter of the late Sir Mohomad Shafi, she is also the mother of that charming countess of communism, Miss Mumtaz Shah Nawaz. She has been a prominent leader of the social reform movement.

* In a subsequent Cabinet reshuffle, Sardar Baldev Singh, leader of the newly formed Independent Sikh Party in Parliament, replaced him as Minister of Development.

Domineering in a subtle sort of way, better dressed than even her daughters, an accomplished conversationalist, she loves admiration. In Pakistan's Cliveden Set, she is Lady Astor.

Mir Maqbool Mahmood, the Premier's Parliamentary Secretary and his brother-in-law, has the uncommon reputation of carrying his head on his own shoulders. He has great capacity, but not of the kind that begets trust. If he could steady himself down to routine, he would get much further, for he has personality, plenty of dash, lots of money, and gift of the gab.

In a romping career, he has held official posts in the States of Alwar, Jhalawar, Kashmir and Rampur. But unlike the proverbial rolling stone he has gathered a lot of moss. Acquaintance with august personages resulted in his appointment to the Secretaryship of the Chamber of Princes. In short, Mir Maqbool Mahmood continues to hold simultaneously two fat salaried posts—a Parliamentary Secretaryship in Pakistan and the Secretaryship of the Princes' Chamber ! Special sanction from the high places alone made this possible. And naturally through him, Sir Sikandar is enabled to maintain close friendly contact with Their Highnesses.

The last of the nine jewels is Raja Gazanfar Ali Khan, son-in-law of the illustrious Sir Fazli Hussain, whose mantle fell on Sir Sikandar. As a Minister first in Kashmir and then in Alwar, he has experience of administration. He has been wavering between Mr. Jinnah whom he knew so well when both were members of the Central Legislative Assembly and the

Unionist Party machine, which has made him a Parliamentary Secretary. This apart, he has in him the skill of two ministers.

V

The Speaker of the Pakistan Parliament is Chaudhary Sir Shahabuddin. He stands in a class by himself. An upholder of the most conservative tradition, he is sometimes guilty of the most reactionary rulings. On the other hand, he is out and out the greatest authority on constitutional forms and procedure in Pakistan and even outside. A V. J. Patel or a Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola alone could be pitted against him in comparison.

A self-made man, the Pakistan Speaker has mounted the ladder of success by his own exertions. Chaudhary Shahabuddin started as a cooly at a railway station and later made a reputation as a lawyer. At the elections to the Legislative Assembly he was returned from two constituencies. Dr. Kitchlew contested the Speakership with him, but without luck. Shahabuddin's stentorian voice comes in very useful in restoring order during the Parliamentary debates, especially as such occasions are neither few nor far between.

For a Pakistani, he is very dark complexioned, and that has been the butt of many stories. Once Sir Mohomed Iqbal and Chaudhary Shahabuddin were briefed in a case on opposite sides in the Lahore High Court. The presiding Judge enquired as to who was appearing for the Plaintiff.

"A Knight," quoth Chaudhary Shahabuddin with a chuckle, pointing to Iqbal who had recently been knighted.

"My Lord," retorted Iqbal instantly: "My learned friend on the opposite side is also a Night, only with a 'K' out."

VI

The Congress Opposition has curiously enough changed three successive leaders in the course of a little over four years—perhaps a world record for any Parliamentary Party. The first of these three, Dr. Gopichand Bhargava, is the God's Good Man of Pakistan. No man does so much work or gets so little credit for it. He gave up a lucrative medical practice in order to devote himself to public work. After many years of political wrangling, in which the Congress politics were torn asunder between two rival groups, of one of which Dr. Gopichand was the acknowledged leader and of the other, Dr. Satyapal, he made the discovery that it was better to be the King-maker than the king himself. Thereupon, despite the protestations of friends he resigned not only his post as Leader of the Opposition, but also the membership of the House itself. Likewise he vacated all elective posts in the Congress organisation. And now after all these destructive resignations, he has settled down to sound constructive work. He is undoubtedly, the most influential Congressman in Pakistan.*

His successor, Sardar Sampuran Singh, whose impressive snow white beard is an attraction at

* Dr. Gopichand secured his Medical degree in 1917 in World War I. The University authorities have just forwarded to him his Certificate, in the fifth year of World War II. This little delay of 27 years was purposely made, to prove the truth of the old saying: Better Late Than Never.

Congress meetings, was an early casualty in the Battle of Non-violence. The Sardar Saheb himself led the way and sportingly proposed the name of his own successor.

Bhimsen Sachar was unanimously elected as the new Party Leader, in itself an unusual thing in Pakistan, and perhaps a good augury for the days to come. Sachar, a lawyer turned an insurance boss and still in his early forties, is very courteous and amiable.

Dewan Chamanlal is easily the best equipped and the most experienced member on the Opposition Benches. Brilliant, original, a forceful speaker with a keen debating sense, he has all the makings of a first-class legislator. But he lacks stability and at the moment of action has sometimes failed to produce the requisite spirit of sacrifice. His intellectual dilettantism has prevented the rise of one, who has otherwise so many unique gifts for public life. Is it still too late, one wonders ?

Perhaps the most interesting member in the whole Pakistan Parliament is Chaudhary Krishna Gopal Dutt. Mark him well, for he will go very far. Well-read and widely travelled, he has culture, a pleasing personality, leisure born of comfortable circumstances and a very joyous and sunny temperament. A rich sense of humour makes him a boon companion and his wit can be trusted to penetrate through the strongest fortress of opposition. He is one of the best speakers in Parliament and his study is informed with patient work. Undoubtedly he is one of the brightest stars on the political firmament of Pakistan.

The other high lights on the Congress benches are Mian Iftikharuddin, President of the Pakistan Con-

gress; Seth Sudarshan, a pleasant, efficient and quiet looking Chief Whip, who is not, however, as quiet as he looks; Sardar Kapur Singh, Secretary of the Parliamentary Party, a rather shy and painstaking speaker who has the rare merit of speaking to the point; then there is the formidable Sardar Pratap Singh, who likes strong men so much that he does not shy from them even when called Dictators, and himself dreams of becoming one some day. Finally the two Lala Dunichands, who are a perpetual source of confusion to all outside Pakistan for they continuously get mixed up one with the other. Lala Dunichand from Lahore is a man of many sacrifices spread over two decades. Likewise Lala Dunichand from Ambala is an old time veteran and jail-bird. He was one of the leading lights of the Swaraj Party in the good old days, and often crossed swords with the redoubtable Lala Lajpat Rai in Congress interests. Lately he created something of a furore by writing a courageously naughty book entitled: *The Ulster of India*. He has yet another distinction—his wife is also like himself a member of Parliament.

VII

To turn now to the other celebrities in Parliament.

Sardar Santokh Singh acts as the leader of the Opposition during the interval between a Congress Walk-out and the next Walk-in. An influential leader of the mercantile community, he is both pro-war and anti-Unionist. His motto is: Safety First In Politics.

* * * *

One of the most powerful opponents of the Unionists

in Pakistan is Maulana Mazhar Ali Azhar, the well-known Ahrar leader. Learned in Islamic lore, he can speak as fluently in Arabic as in Urdu or English. A writer of note, an able organiser, a popular speaker, he is a man of many worries, which have multiplied a hundred fold since the demise of his colleague and leader, Chaudhary Afzal Haq.

Sir Gocalchand Narang is quite a figure in Parliament. Arrested in the Martial Law days, years later he became a Minister and has been for years a leading light of the Hindu Mahasabha. It is surprising that one so gifted and commanding such resources, should not have made a greater mark. A possible reason is that while he is willing to render service, he is not ready to offer any corresponding sacrifice in these stormy days. But he is one of the ablest men in Parliament and a popular speaker whose remarks are full of wit, sarcasm and argument. He missed the Unionist Ministerial Bus, when Sir Chhotu Ram threw in his full weight for Dr. Manoharlal as against him.

Sardar Baldev Singh is also known as the Akali Gold Mine. A big industrialist, he has large share holdings in Jamshedpur and elsewhere. One of the chief organizers of the Khalsa Defence of India League, he is associated with brisk recruiting work under Patiala patronage. Elected to Parliament as an independent in a bye-election, he soon organised an Independent Sikh Party with a membership of 15. This means that he is a sure tip for a Cabinet seat in the not very distant future.

Of Dr. Mohomed Alam it is said that the one-time idol of youth and fire-eating extremist, has climbed down from his high pedestal to become a mere politician. He now employs his undoubted abilities and cynical humour to conceal life's disappointments. And also to make a good income at the Bar in order to snap his fingers at destiny, from under the cover of an epicurean life.

Malik Barkat Ali, a flourishing lawyer is too busy with his briefs and clients to bother about the art of leading the masses. He has the unique distinction of being the only member in Parliament, to be elected on the Muslim League Ticket—the rest having joined (to the extent that they have joined) after the storm. Well might it be said of him "Among the faithless, faithful only he."

And though alone, he is quite a host in himself. An effective speaker and a persistent critic of the administration, the polite exchange of compliments between him and the Treasury Benches on the floor of the House are the joy of the newspaper readers in Pakistan.

Khan Bahadur Nawab Muzzaffar Khan can whenever he chooses, bring exceptional ability into the Unionist galaxy. An ex-Minister of Revenue and a very big Zamindar, he is as shrewd as he is conservative. The Pakistan Premier generally reserves him for the rainy day.

Sir Mohomed Jamal Khan Langhori is a typical old world landlord, who historically speaking belongs to the distinguished company of the Bourbons. For long, he has been in the waiting-list for Ministership, but

the ingenuity of the Unionist Party bosses has so far succeeded in giving him the proverbial slip, between the cup and the lip.

Sardar Bahadur Sardar Gurubachan Singh is leader of the Khalsa National Party. A man of culture, he is the author of a book on Iqbal's poetry. A biggish absentee landlord, he was elected to Parliament from a constituency adjoining Master Kabul Singh's in the Jullundher District. He is the new Deputy Speaker of Parliament.

Giani Kartar Singh is the modern Sikh Machiavelli. A tight rope walker in politics, he is commonly referred to as the brain of the Akalis. A master of political machinations, he resigned from the Congress, on the issue of its anti-war policy. For he clearly foresaw that it would affect new Sikh recruitment in the Army, and reduce its total percentage strength. He was prepared to sacrifice much, but not this much. Ideals are all right in their own way, but Giani Kartar Singh prefers to admire them from a realistic distance. Master Tara Singh's popularity and prestige and the Giani's ideas make an arresting combination at present.

Kartar Singh has naturally admirers and detractors in plenty. But both are agreed on one thing—that he bathes only on Festival Days.

Finally a word of tribute to the Secretary of the Pakistan Parliament, whose unfailing tact, inexhaustible patience and wide information has been such a source of assistance to the Hon'ble members. Moving unobserved, what a variety of essential tasks he performs!

VIII

Now fortified with the close-ups of some of the more leading members of Parliament, it will be profitable to turn to the sittings of that august body, whose fame has travelled far and wide and even threatens to overshadow that of the Mother of Parliaments.

The proceedings of the House are generally animated and occasionally unusually so. The granite voice of the Speaker can often be heard above the din and shout of debate, calling the Hon'ble members to order. It is even said that the Speaker has to keep awake almost all the time, for fear of missing the continual flow of wit and thrust that enliven the discussion.

Some opposition wags have characterised members of the Unionist and associated parties as "dumb, driven cattle." The description, to say the least, bristles with malice. Those Hon'ble members should rather be called strong, silent men, models of stern discipline, who are implicitly guided by the mandate of their leader in Parliament. Such loyalty in these decadent days is rare, if not unique and cannot but be a shining example to future generations.

The members of the Opposition are freely allowed to move resolutions, but in their perversity, they somehow prefer to raise discussion by way of Adjournment Motions. Whenever they are in order, the Speaker allows them, and when he does not, there is such preliminary disorder, that it is a sight for the Gods to see. The Speaker is reputed to love these scenes, for being a master of procedure, he is quick to separate the points of order from those of disorder, if need be with

the assistance of the Marshal of the Assembly, an officer not found elsewhere in Hindustan. But the Treasury Benches have a very natural and an altogether wholesome dislike of these frivolous Adjournment Motions, which make mountains of mole hills and put on the wise actions of the beneficent government a construction, that deeper inquiry would dispel. For example, if there is a Lathi-charge (what else is the lathi there for, otherwise?) and a score or two, or for that matter, a hundred or two hundred are injured, instead of taking them to the nearest hospital like sensible people and allowing the matter to drop, the Opposition Benches are sure to bring an Adjournment Motion; again, if several members of Parliament are caught red-handed in the act of watching a lathi-charge and arrested, there is an Adjournment Motion. What does it matter if the number includes the President of the Pakistan Congress and the Leader of the Opposition ? As the Premier feelingly remarked on the floor of the House, "the matter concerned gentlemen, some of whom were as dear to him as his own brothers, but that law was no respector of persons." How positively noble ! Again when the Premier ordered the release of all these members, with only one exception —that of Shanno Devi, a well-known trouble-maker in Parliament as well as outside, instead of feeling grateful there was another adjournment motion, about her non-release. Then again if an officer makes some remarks which some busybodies do not relish or cannot understand, there is another adjournment motion, the mover entirely forgetting that the officer is an authority on law, not on language.

IX

On one of these occasions, the Adjournment Motion was persisted in, even after the Premier had handsomely declared that he had no knowledge of either the lathi-charges or the arrests. One Hon'ble member jumped to his feet and stated that both had taken place under the very nose of the Prime Minister, and still he had not come to know of them. To this allegation, the Premier replied with becoming warmth :

The Premier : "Nothing has happened under my nose. I came to know of the lathi-charge late in the evening and at once made enquiries. But I am completely in the dark about the circumstances of the arrests that are stated to have been made."

Lala Deshbandhu Gupta : "Were the arrests made without the Premier's knowledge ?"

The Speaker : "This is not a relevant question."

The Premier : "How am I to know why and in what manner the arrests were made ?"

Lala Deshbandhu : "This is a serious matter in itself. The Premier's confession of ignorance in regard to the arrest of important members of the Opposition can itself from the subject of an Adjournment Motion."

(*Tribune*, February, 25, 1942.)

Evidently the Hon'ble Members' appetite for Adjournment Motions grows with what it feeds upon. This plethora of adjournments smack of ingratitude towards an administration, which has done so much for the extension of civil liberties and of habits of wide tolerance. That such things should continue to happen is a sad commentary on the working of democratic institutions.

X

The Question Hour provides many happy instances of the skill with which queries from Hon'ble members and especially the supplementaries are handled by the Administration leaders. I quote *verbatim*, once again from the report of that well-known paper, *The Tribune*, from its issue of March 7, 1942, page 12.

Dewan Chamanlal asked the Minister of Development to tell the House, whether the Government had sent any representation to the Central Government pressing upon them the necessity of buying the 'Desi' cotton in the same way as the Oomra cotton.

Sardar Dasaundha Singh (Minister of Development) replied that there were many methods of making representations.

Sardar Santokh Singh : "Was it done on the telephone ?" (Laughter).

Dewan Chamanlal : "We are not concerned with the methods by which representations can be made. If my Hon'ble friend understands English, I have asked a simple question : Whether a representation was sent or not ?"

Sardar Dasaundha Singh (amidst peels of laughter) : "Does the Hon'ble member think that he is the only gentleman living on the face of the earth, who understands English ? Let me tell him that I also understand English."

Dewan Chamanlal : "It is clear to us that the Hon'ble Minister possesses the well known qualities of a mule." (Laughter).

The dexterity with which the Hon'ble Minister parried the queries of his interlocutor aroused general admiration. A few members or even many members may have laughed, but Dewan Chamanlal, despite his Oxford accent, was completely foiled—the Minister alone remained master of the information as to what happened to 'Desi' cotton and Oomra cotton and the other cottons.

XI

A sample of how sorely the patience of the Hon'ble Ministers is sometimes tried by an irresponsible Opposition was furnished during the discussion on Budget grants. The enterprising Ministry provided a grant for doing war propaganda through mobile cinema units (*vide Tribune*, March 7, 1942.) Pandit Shriram Sharma (Congress) moved a cut motion and a lively discussion ensued. Sir Sikandar summing up the discussion effectively replied to the critics.

The Premier continuing said that men like Pandit Shriram and Lala Dunichand ought to be ashamed that they come here and have their daily allowance of Rs. 20/- and feel secure and yet they accuse brave soldiers.

Lala Dunichand strongly protested against the Premier's remarks and wanted to say something on a point of order but the Speaker said that he was making a speech which the Chair could not allow.

Khan Bahadur Gurmani : Guillotine him. (Laughter).

Munshi Harilal also rose to a point of order and asked if the Premier had used parliamentary language.

The Premier who was leaving the House said that if the use of the words "Sharam āni chāhiae" (you should be ashamed) were not parliamentary he would say "Besharmi āni chāhiae."

Lala Dunichand rose indignantly and protested against the remarks of the Premier saying that he cared two pence for Rs. 20/-. He had been giving Rs. 2,000/- to Rs. 3,000/- monthly for public purposes. As could be seen from the Income-tax department's record he had paid more income-tax than even the Premier had.

The Speaker shouted at the top of his voice in order to call Lala Dunichand to order.

Munshi Harilal asked the Speaker to give his ruling on the language used by the Premier and to say if it was parliamentary.

The Speaker maintained that since the words used by the Premier "*besharmi ani chahiae*" were meaningless and conveyed no sense, he did not want to give any ruling. The Speaker added that he had great regard and respect for Lala Dunichand and he would have given him five minutes to speak but in view of the several points of order he would not do that now.

Comment on all these obstructionist tactics is superfluous. Needless to say the House unceremoniously rejected the cut motion.

XII

There was excitement again in Parliament when during the discussion on the General Administration Grant voices were raised in the vigour of debate. Several misguided Unionist members also joined in the criticism of the Government.

Khan Bahadur Khwaja Ghulam Samad (Unionist) moving a cut motion alleged that bribery, nepotism and favouritism were rampant.

Mr. Sultan Ahmed Hotiana (Unionist) also joined in the attack. Thus the *Tribune*: "He said crime was on the increase in the province and alleged that sub-inspectors of police in order to get promotions went about registering false cases under Section 109 and went about recording faked recovery of arms."

The Premier interrupting said that it was not true that crime was on the increase. On the other hand, it was on the decrease.

Tikka Jagjit Singh:" In our district of Montgomery crime is on the decrease."

Mr. Hotiana: "That is why in your district, even a police station was burgled." (laughter).

Tikka Jagjit Singh: "That does not mean that crime is on the increase."

Mr. Hotiana: "It is for you to see what it means."

Continuing Mr. Hotiana said that corruption and bribery were so rampant that the people whose houses were burgled did not have the heart to report the theft to the police. He challenged the Government to quote even one case in which a sub-inspector of police was given promotion for honesty.

Lala Dunichand (Congress) speaking in a critical vein declared: "The number of murders in 1936 was 898, which figure rose to 1307 in 1940" . . . He alleged that in some cases crimes were committed after consultation with the police.

Rai Bahadur Sohanlal said that while the Provincial revenues had increased from Rs. 11.2 crores in 1940-41

to Rs. 14.8 crores, the contribution to beneficent departments had arisen from 287 lakhs to only 384 lakhs. This showed that the proportion between the revenues. and the expenditure on beneficent departments in 1940-41 was 26.41 per cent. whereas the proportion in 1941-42 was 22.18 per cent.

The fact that such irresponsible criticism should be indulged in even by Khan Bahadurs and Rai Bahadurs may seem amazing at first sight, but need not impress us overmuch. What should positively impress us, however, is that a considerate and sporting Government should not have locked them all up under the Defence of Pakistan Act.

VIII

A LAST LOOK AT PAKISTAN

Good-bye, proud world, I am going home.

(EMERSON)

I

MY last look was at the bookshops of Pakistan. After release I wandered about carefree from one to the other. I had already acquired when in jail quite a number of books and tracts dealing with various aspects of Pakistan life—her art, literature, history, economics and politics. To these were added a number of newspaper and magazine clippings, many of them the gift of friends, and some of them not easy to come across.

The English book trade was very ably catered for by a group of brothers, whose names identically ended with 'Krishna.' The original firm bears the name of Ram Krishna and is efficiently managed by Raj Krishna assisted by his brother Roop Krishna, an artist with an extending reputation, while two enterprising younger brothers are running the Minerva Book Depot. Here Bal Krishna and Pratap Krishna loaded me with publications, new and old and rare. It is one of the major pleasures of life to be able to read one's favourite books in beautiful editions. Here and elsewhere, I was happy to pick up the poems of Iqbal and the paintings of Abdur Rehman Chugtai, the most famous poet and the most celebrated painter respectively of Pakistan. Some copies too, of that

remarkable journal, *Makhzan*—of the good old days, when under the distinguished editorship of Mr. (now Sir) Abdul Qadir, it was the delight of the Urdu literary world. There is a thrill also in watching the struggles of younger writers—groping towards a more glorious tomorrow—writers like Chirag Hasan Hasrat, who is already established, or like Ikram Qamar, who will soon be.

What a feeling of luxury and intellectual excitement one feels in a well-run book shop! "Show me your friends and I shall tell you who you are," runs the old adage. It would be truer to say: "Show me a country's bookshops and I shall tell you about its culture and civilisation."

II

I had particularly been cautioned that Poetry was all important in Pakistan. Continuous and persistent quotation from the poets was the only sure hall-mark of a person's culture. A Doctor writing a prescription for a patient would preface it by a reassuring or cheerring couplet. No orator, however eminent, would fail to re-inforce his prosaic arguments by constant poetic quotations, unless of course, he wanted to be chased out of the meeting by a sensitive, poetry-hungry audience. The laws of poesy, not unseldom over-ruled even those of the market place. In the Courts of Justice often a quotation from Ghalib or Iqbal carried far greater weight than dull citations from the Law Reports or the Civil or Criminal Procedure Codes or other similar dreary legal tomes. It was well known that barristers spent most of their spare time in reading the *Diwans*

of the various poets or in composing one of their own, as a sure preparation for future success. Even the Advocate-General, Mr. Sleem when not playing Tennis or arguing a case in Court, was believed to be similarly engaged, while the other leaders of the Bar—Meherchand Mahajan or Jaggannath Agarwal or Mukundlal Puri or Malik Barkat Ali or Jeevanlal Kapoor, whenever caught in a tight legal corner, skilfully extricated themselves by a recourse to the poets. No judge could usually resist such an appeal to his culture.

III

The trip to Pakistan was for me an unforgettable experience. Each day brought its own thrills. It is not always that one can add so generously to one's little fund of knowledge. Contact with a new civilization, so fresh, so stimulating, so superb, cannot but broaden one's mind and deepen one's sympathies. To have watched the men and politics of a new world from outside, as well as from behind the distance and detachment of prison walls was itself a rare privilege. This good fortune had been mine in an abundant measure. I can never be sufficiently grateful to the government of Pakistan for keeping me as a guest in the Lahore Central Jail and thus providing me with the opportunity and the leisure to share my impressions of Pakistan, with others, less fortunately placed.